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THE
FEMALE SPEAKER;

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

IN

Prose and Verse,

SELECTED FROM THE BEST WRITERS,

AND

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF YOUNG WOMEN.



BY

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE OF THE EDITOR.

THE following Selection, intended for the use of young females, belongs to the class of those useful and unpretending publications, which industry, joined to some degree of taste, may always supply, and for which the routine of education, particularly in schools, will always create a demand. It is impossible to supply the pupils of a school with any great variety of original authors, and yet it is very desirable, that they should be early introduced to a number of the best authors, at least in their own language. When the sources are opened to them, they may take fuller draughts at their leisure. A taste for fine writing cannot be cultivated too early; and the surest mode of cultivating it is by reading much at that period of life, when what is read is indelibly impressed upon the memory, and by reading nothing, which does not deserve to be so impressed. How strongly are moral sentiments or descriptions of nature fixed upon the mind by passages which we have admired in early youth, and which, whenever we meet with them at any distant time, *raise, almost mechanically,* the emotions we then ex-

perienced ! The maxims first recommended by beauty of diction become, perhaps, the guides of our after life ; and the feelings, introduced through the medium of the imagination, influence the heart in the intercourses of society.

It is, perhaps, an error in modern education, liberally conducted as at present it is towards females, that they spend too much time in learning of languages, and too little in reading of authors ; so that, when they have gone through their course of education, they have a general acquaintance with, perhaps, three or four languages, and know little of the best productions in their own. If they have time to pursue their studies, they may supply the deficiency ; but if the happiest destination of a woman be fulfilled, they become early engaged in domestic cares and duties, their acquirements stop short at the threshold of knowledge, and the real furniture of their minds is less rich, than that of a girl, who, educated at home and with little expense, but supplied with a judicious variety of English classics, has learnt less, but read more. It may be questioned, whether the practice, now so much in fashion, of teaching the learned languages to young women indiscriminately, can answer the time and pains, which must be employed about it. If a girl has a decided turn for literature, and a genius, which may perhaps impel her, at some period of her life, to give her own thoughts to the public, they will certainly enlarge the sphere of her ideas ; but they can be of little use to those, who, in *their own language*, joined to that of the French, have

P R E F A C E.

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more than enough to employ all the time they ever will or ought to devote to reading. That a girl should be put to read Virgil or Horace, who is unacquainted with Pope or Boileau; is surely a solecism in education. The greatest part of this Selection is calculated for *recital* as well as for reading; an exercise, the editor takes the liberty to say, which is too much neglected. Graceful reading is a most pleasing, and it is a scarce accomplishment; and it is seldom attained without some practice in reciting; which necessarily demands a full, distinct utterance, and those tones and cadences, which bring out the sense of the author and the harmony of his periods. Finished verse, particularly, loses half its charms, when it is only submitted to the eye; and if Poetry has been divorced from Music, it ought at least to have the music of a well modulated voice, regulated by a well informed taste. Many English ladies profess to want courage to recite, or even to read aloud a copy of verses in a social party; nor can it be denied; that bashfulness, and shrinking from display, is one strong characteristic of our nation: yet it is somewhat difficult to conceive, that a young lady shall have courage enough to stand up by the side of a professional singer, and entertain a large and mixed audience, for an hour together, and yet be too modest to read or recite, by her father's fireside, amidst a circle of his friends, a passage of twenty lines from Milton or Cowper.

The editor has only to add, that this Collection, being intended chiefly for females, she has considered

that circumstance, not only in having a more scrupulous regard to delicacy in the pieces inserted, but in directing her choice to subjects more particularly appropriate to the duties, the employments, and the dispositions of the softer sex. The pieces in Dr. Enfield's Speaker have been rather avoided, as that excellent collection is well known.

Independently of the pleasure, which a young mind of feeling and taste must derive from a familiarity with the most striking passages of our best authors, the advantage of it in future life is not small. They are equally relished in age as in youth. Whoever has been conversant with them in early youth, has laid up in her mind treasures, which, in sickness and in sorrow, in the sleepless night and the solitary day, will sooth the mind with ideas dear to it's recollection; will come upon it like the remembrance of an early friend, revive the vivid feelings of youth, feed the mind with hope, compose it to resignation, and perhaps dismiss the parting breath with those hallelujahs on the tongue, which awoke the first feelings of love and admiration in the childish bosom.

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BOOK 1.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Proverbs 4, 16-18
HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

A wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion.

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order within the bounds of reason and religion, because this is empire; nay, it is pleasant even to mortify and subdue our lusts, because this is victory.

Reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, writing an exact man.

Manners with fortunes, humours change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Who lives to nature rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of it's worth;
And what it's worth? — ask death-beds, they can tell.

———— Yesterday was once to morrow;
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd,
For thou hast more to morrows yet to ask,
And will be ever to begin thy task;
Thou, like the chariot's hindmost wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

God made the country, and man made the town.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet
every body is content to hear of. The master thinks it
good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and
the clergy for the laity.

The mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the
conversation of a well-chosen friend.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make
beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good
natured.

It is impossible for any thought to be beautiful, which
is not just: the basis of all wit is truth; and no thought
can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-
work.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is
grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him

no is grown old in ignorance and folly ! The latter is the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, and fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

To be good is to be happy. Angels
Are happier than men, because they 're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings : the blest know none of this,
But dwell in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their Heav'n is goodness.

Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,
She seeks not honours, wealth, or airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

Amusement reigns,
Man's great demand ; to trifle is to live :
And is it then a trifle too to die ?

Time travels on with an even, uninterrupted, inexorable step. Moment presses upon moment, day treads upon day ; not a particle of our sand makes the smallest pause, when it's turn to run out is come. The awful *now* asks us at once to embrace it, then turns it's back upon us, and our hands are stretched out after it in vain.

Happiness, like God, is not far from any one of us. We search for happiness up and down the world, looking for it in this place and in that, wondering all the while where it can be, and why we do not find it; like one who torments himself with a long, anxious, fretful, and at length hopeless search for something, which all the while he has in his own hand.

That humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, incessantly flows; although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls, and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world; pours, in the end, a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity, than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

God has bestowed upon us all a portion of that power to bless, which himself possesses in an infinite degree.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed in scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband

is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.

O honour, frail as life, thy fellow flow'r;
That is, when lost, no more to be redeem'd.

Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Sweet harmonist, and beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay!
And happy, if aught happy here, as good.

Nor ease nor peace, that heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or wo,
But, turning, trembles too.

O the dark days of vanity! while here
How tasteless, and how terrible when gone!
Gone? — they ne'er go: when past, they haunt us still!
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

— Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone,
Morn without eve, a race without a goal,

Unshorten'd by progression infinite,
Beginning still where computation ends!

'Tis the description of a deity.

'Tis the description of the meanest slave.

The melancholy and the sullen are apt to place a great part of their religion in dejected or ill-humoured looks; putting on an unsociable face, and declaiming against the innocent entertainments of life, with as much sharpness as they could bestow upon the greatest crimes. No other thing is the better for being sour, and it would be hard that religion should be so, which is the best of things.

It is worth your pains to make religion your choice, and not to make use of it only as a refuge.

Pray'r is devotion fit for mightiest minds,
The warring world's agreeing sacrifice.

Goodness is the best quality of the mind; the character and copy of the Deity. It admits of no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall, the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall, but in charity there is no excess; neither angel nor man can come into danger by it.

The joys of parents are secret; so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, and will not utter the other.

Men think according to their inclinations, speak according to their received opinions, but generally act according to habit.

Some people think their wits must be asleep when they are not darting out their stings, but there is a great difference between salt and bitter. He, who makes others afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memory.

To defer our charities till death, is to be liberal not of our own, but of the property of others.

In studies, let a man have set hours for those subjects

which are contrary to his natural inclination, but for those agreeable to it, he need appoint no fixed times; because his thoughts will spontaneously fly to them, as other studies and business give leave.

That is the best part of beauty, which a picture cannot express; or even the life itself at first sight.

Tender and delicate persons are in danger of being often angry, as being ruffled by so many things, which are scarce felt by more robust natures.

To keep anger from being mischievous, three things require most particular caution. First, to avoid severe words, especially such as are cutting and apposite; next, to reveal no secrets; thirdly, however passion may rise do nothing that is irrevocable.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; of adversity, fortitude.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity of the New.

Studies and reading serve for delight, for ornament, and for use. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; and to judge wholly by their rules is pedantic. Letters perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for letters do not sufficiently teach their own use; but this is a wisdom beyond and above them, gained by observation, operating upon native sagacity and good sense.

Virtue is the health of the soul, and cleanliness is the virtue of the body.

A virtuous man fights against temptations, and is victorious. A virtuous woman comes not within their reach: she must not only be innocent but ignorant of ill. Other things are soiled by the touch of a finger, but a breath will dim the pure crystal.

In part she is to blame, who has been tried;
He comes too near, who comes to be denied.

Mark how it snows ! how fast the valley fills,
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear ;
Yet the warm sunbeams, bounding from the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

But when old age has on your temper shed
Her silver frost, there's no returning sun ;
Swift flies our summer, swift our autumn's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys
are gone.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know ;
Virtue alone is happiness below.

Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong ;
For they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unsullied youth !
Softness and sweetest innocence she wears ;
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.

O woman, lovely woman ! Nature form'd you,
To temper men ; they had been brutes without
you.

Cheerfulness and Innocence are twin sisters.

There is a world where no storms intrude, a haven of
safety against the tempests of life. A little world of joy
and love, of innocence and tranquillity. Suspicions are
not there, nor Jealousies, nor Falsehood with her double
tongue, nor the venom of Slander. Peace embraceth it
with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a
man entereth it, he forgetteth his sorrows, and cares, and
disappointments ; he openeth his heart to confidence,
and to pleasures not mingled with remorse. This
world is the well ordered home of a virtuous and amiable
woman.

What hero like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?

To morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To day itself's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

I am, the great Jehovah cries,
Throughout the ocean, earth and skies,
And, smitten to the heart,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replies, *O Lord, thou art!*

We are all cooperating to one great work, some with knowledge and understanding, others ignorantly and undesignedly. One contributes to this one way; and another, another way. Nay, even the querulous and the murmurers, who attempt to oppose the course of nature, and to obstruct what happens, contribute also to this purpose, for the world must needs have within it such persons also. Think, then, in what class you would choose to rank yourself. The presiding mind will certainly make a right use of you one way or other, and will enlist you among his labourers and fellow workers.

Whatever is beautiful or honourable is so from itself, and it's excellence rests in itself. It's being praised is no part of it's excellence.

No man can hinder you from living according to the plan of your nature, and nothing can befall you contrary to the plan of the universe.

Observe that all things exist in consequence of changes. The things now existing are a sort of seed to those, which shall arise out of them.

Does any one despise me, let him see to it: I shall endeavour not to be found acting or speaking any thing worthy of contempt. Does any one hate me, let him see

to it: I shall be kind and gentle towards all, and even ready to show to this man his mistakes; not to upbraid him, or to make a display of my patience, but from a genuine goodness.

Never value that as advantageous, which may force you to break your faith, to violate your modesty or sense of honour, to hate any one, to dissemble, or to desire any of those things, which need walls or curtains to conceal them.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which though canst not see;
 All discord, harmony, not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise:
 So generations in their course decay;
 So flourish these, when those have past away.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
 But Health consists with Temperance alone,
 And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

Content is competence; nay more, 'tis wealth.

Labour is the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment.

And is there a last day? and must there come
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
 Ambition, swell; and, thy proud sails to show,
 Take all the winds that Vanity can blow:
 Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
 And hold an India forth in either hand:
 Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine,
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty, shine:

Shine all, in all your charms together rise,
That all, in all your charms, I may despise.

————— Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls. [thing ;
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something—no-
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands :
But he, who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

————— Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man ; sweet mercy seems
It's darling attribute, which limits justice.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle dew from Heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
And earthly pow'r doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. We do pray for mercy ;
And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy ?
What art can wash her stains away ?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

You took her up a little tender flow'r
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost

Had nipp'd ; and, with a careful, loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines : there long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye ;
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all it's sweetness ;
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away.

Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age ;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinions flies from grief,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Dreams are but interludes, which Fancy makes :
When monarch Reason sleeps, this phantom wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things ;
A court of coblers, and a mob of kings.
Light fumes are merry ; grosser fumes are sad :
Both are the reasonable soul run mad :
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
Which never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

Learn to live well, that thou mayst die so too ;
To live and die, is all we have to do.

Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little
long.

The greatest part of the pleasures of the idle are but a
poor attempt to supply the alacrity and interest, which
attend the prosecution of real business.

The anxieties of pleasure, and the fatigues of indolence, waste and consume the spirits ; they are sufferings without pity, and labour without reward.

Prayer is the vital breath of Religion. As, when doubtful of life, a glass is held to the sick man to see whether it is stained with his breath ; so, if the breath of prayer come from a man, the life of religion is in him, however faint and weak ; but if he prays no more, religion is dead within him.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction ; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity ; and render deformity itself agreeable.

See a fond mother encircled by her children ; with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love. One she kisses on it's cheek, and clasps another to her bosom ; one she sets upon her knee, and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, by their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look, and a word to those ; and, whether she grants or refuses, whether she smiles or frowns, it is all in tender love. Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is Providence ; so it watches over us, comforting these, providing for those, listening to all, and assisting every one ; and if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers ; or, if seeming to deny a blessing, it grants one in the refusal.

BOOK II.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC PIECES.

RELIGION.

BOW down your heads unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of Earth ! be silent, and receive, with reverence, instruction from on high."

Wheresoever the sun doth shine, wheresoever the wind doth blow, wheresoever there is an ear to hear and a mind to conceive ; there let the precepts of life be made known, let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth for ever.

He sitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited space.

Order, and grace, and bounty spring from his hand.

The voice of wisdom speaketh in all his works : but the human understanding comprehendeth it not.

The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream ; he seeth as in the dark ; he reasoneth and is often deceived :

But the wisdom of God is as the light of Heaven ; he *reasoneth not* ; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Justice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance for ever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power shall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wisdom? Can any goodness be compared unto him?

He it is, O man! who hath created thee: thy station on Earth is fixed by his appointment; the powers of thy mind are the gift of his goodness; the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth, shall establish his soul in peace.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

WOMAN.

GIVE ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep in thy heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the rose it resemblcth, shall retain it's sweetness when it's bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks: ah! hear with caution their seducing words; guard well thy ear, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Remember that thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his loose desire, but to assist him in the toils of life, to sooth him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness, she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh Prudence, and Virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but Discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth them silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth in the morning, she considers her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of the family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study; and elegance, with frugality, is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband; and he heareth her praise with a secret *delight*.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that has made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

LET any man, in a cool hour, when he is disengaged from business and undisturbed by passion, at such cool hours will sometimes happen, sit down, and seriously reflect with himself what state or temper of mind he would choose to feel and indulge, in order to be easy and to enjoy himself. Would he choose for that purpose to be in a constant dissipation and hurry of thought; to be disturbed in the exercise of his reason; to have various, and often interfering phantoms of good playing before his imagination, soliciting and distracting him by turns; now soothing him with amusing hopes, then torturing him with anxious fears; and to approve this minute what he shall condemn the next? Would he choose to have a strong and painful sense of every petty injury; quick apprehensions of every impending evil; incessant and unsatiable desires of power, wealth, honour, pleasure; an irreproachable antipathy

against all competitors and rivals; insolent and tyrannical dispositions to all below him; fawning, and at the same time envious, dispositions to all above him; with dark suspicions and jealousies of every mortal? Would he choose neither to love nor be beloved of any; to have no friend in whom to confide, or with whom to interchange his sentiments or designs; no favourite, on whom to bestow his kindness, or vent his passions; in fine, to be conscious of no merit with mankind, no esteem from any creature, no good affection to his Maker, no concern for, or hopes of his approbation; but insatiable of all these, to hate, and know that he is hated, to condemn, and know that he is condemned by all; by the good, because he is so unlike; and by the bad because he is so like themselves; to hate or to dread the very Being that made him; and in short, to have his breast the seat of pride and passion, petulance and revenge, deep melancholy, cool malignity, and all the other furies, that ever possessed and tortured mankind?—Would our calm inquirer after happiness pitch on such a state, and such a temper of mind, as the most likely means to put him in possession of his desired ease and self-enjoyment? Or would he rather choose a serene and easy flow of thoughts; a reason clear and composed; a judgment unbiassed by prejudice, and undistracted by passion; a sober and well governed fancy, which presents the images of things true and unmixed with delusive and unnatural charms, and therefore administers no improper or dangerous fuel to the passions, but leaves the mind free to choose or reject, as becomes a reasonable creature; a sweet and sedate temper, not easily ruffled by hopes or fears, prone neither to suspicion nor revenge, apt to view men and things in the fairest lights, and to bend gently to the humours of others rather than obstinately to contend with them? Would he choose such moderation and continence of mind, as neither to be ambitious of power, fond of honours, covetous of

wealth, nor a slave to pleasure ; a mind of-course neither elated with success, nor dejected with disappointment ; such a modest and noble spirit as supports power without insolence, wears honours without pride, uses wealth without profusion or parsimony, and rejoices more in giving than in receiving pleasure ; such fortitude and equanimity as rises above misfortunes, or turns them into blessings ; such integrity and greatness of mind, as neither flatters the vices nor triumphs over the follies of men ; as equally spurns servitude and tyranny, and will neither engage in low designs, nor abet them in others ? Would he choose, in fine, such mildness and benignity of heart as takes part in all the joys, and refuses none of the sorrows of others ; stands well-affected to all mankind ; is conscious of meriting the esteem of all, and of being beloved by the best ; a mind which delights in doing good without any show, and yet arrogates nothing on that account ; rejoices in loving and being beloved by it's Maker, acts ever under his eye, resigns itself to his providence, and triumphs in his approbation ?—Which of these dispositions would be his choice in order to be contented, serene, and happy ? The former temper is vice ; the latter, virtue. Where one prevails, there misery prevails, and by the generality is acknowledged to prevail. Where the other reigns, there happiness reigns, and by the confession of mankind is acknowledged to reign. The perfection of either temper is misery or happiness in perfection. Therefore every approach to either extreme is an approach to misery, or to happiness ; that is to say, every degree of vice or virtue is accompanied with a proportionable degree of misery or happiness.

FORDYCE.

MORAL SEXES.

THE minds of both sexes are as much formed one for the other by a temperament peculiar to each, as their per-

sons. The strength, firmness, courage, gravity, and dignity of the man, tally to the softness, delicacy, tenderness of passion, elegance of taste, and decency of conversation of the woman. The male mind is formed to defend, deliberate, foresee, contrive, and advise. The female one to confide, imagine, apprehend, comply, and execute. Therefore the proper temperament of these different sexes of minds makes a fine moral union; and the well-proportioned opposition of different or contrary qualities, like a due mixture of discords in a composition of music, swells the harmony of society more than if they were all unisons to each other. And this union of *moral sexes*, if we may express it so, is evidently more conducive to the improvement of each, than if they lived apart. For the man not only protects and advises, but communicates vigour and resolution to the woman. She, in her turn, softens, refines, and polishes him. In her society he finds repose from action and care; in her friendship, the ferment, into which his passions were wrought by the hurry and distraction of public life, subsides and settles into a calm; and a thousand nameless graces and decencies, that flow from her words and actions, form him for a more mild and elegant deportment. His conversation and example, on the other hand, enlarge her views, raise her sentiments, sustain her resolutions, and free her from a thousand fears and inquietudes, to which her more feeble constitution subjects her. Surely such dispositions, and the happy consequences, which result from them, cannot be supposed to carry an unfriendly aspect to any duty he owes either to God or to man.

FORDYCE.

PROOF OF A FUTURE STATE FROM ANALOGY.

IN tracing the nature and destination of any being, we form the surest judgment from his powers of action, and

the scope and limits of these compared with his state, or with that field in which they are exercised. If this being passes through different states, or fields of action, and we find a succession of powers adapted to the different periods of his progress, we conclude, that he was destined for those successive states, and reckon his nature progressive. If, beside the immediate set of powers, which fit him for action in his present state, we observe another set, which appears superfluous if he was to be confined to it, and which point to another or higher one, we naturally conclude, that he is not designed to remain in his present state, but to advance to that for which those supernumerary powers are adapted. Thus we argue, that the insect, which has wings forming or formed, and all the apparatus proper for flight, is not destined always to creep on the ground, or to continue in the torpid state of adhering to a wall, but is designed in it's season to take it's flight in air. Without this farther destination, the admirable mechanism of wings and the other apparatus would be useless and absurd. The same kind of reasoning may be applied to man, while he lives only a sort of vegetative life in the womb. He is furnished even there with a beautiful apparatus of organs, eyes, ears, and other delicate senses, which receive nourishment indeed, but are in a manner folded up, and have no proper exercise or use in their present confinement. Let us suppose some intelligent spectator, who had never any connexion with man, or the least acquaintance with human affairs, to see this odd phenomenon, a creature formed after such a manner, and placed in a situation apparently unsuitable to such various machinery ; must he not be strangely puzzled about the use of his complicated structure, and reckon such a profusion of art and admirable workmanship lost on the subject ; or reason by way of anticipation, that a creature, endued with such various, yet unexercised capacities, was destined for a more enlarged sphere of ac-

tion, in which those latent capacities shall have full play? The vast variety and yet beautiful symmetry and proportions of the several parts and organs with which the creature is endued, and their apt cohesion with, and dependence on, the curious receptacle of their life and nourishment, would forbid his concluding the whole to be the birth of chance, or the bungling effort of an unskilful artist; at least would make him demur awhile at so harsh a sentence. But if, while he is in this state of uncertainty, we suppose him to see the babe, after a few successful struggles, throwing off his fetters, breaking loose from his little dark prison, and emerging into open day, then unfolding his recluse and dormant powers, breathing in air, gazing at light, admitting colours, sounds, and all the fair variety of nature; immediately his doubts clear up, the propriety and excellency of the workmanship draw upon him with full lustre, and the whole mystery of the first period is unravelled by the opening of this new scene. Though in this second period the creature lives chiefly a kind of animal life, *i. e.* of sense and appetite, yet, by various trials and observations, he gains experience; and, by the gradual evolution of the powers of imagination, he ripens apace for a higher life, for exercising the arts of design and imitation, and of those in which strength or dexterity is more requisite than acuteness or reach in judgment. In the succeeding rational or intellectual period, his understanding, which formerly crept in a lower, mounts into a higher sphere, canvasses the natures, judges of the relations of things, forms schemes, deduces consequences from what is past, and from present, as well as past, collects future events. By this succession of states, and of correspondent culture, he grows up at length into a moral, a social, and a political creature. This is the last period, at which we perceive him to arrive in this his mortal career. *Each period is introductory to the next succeeding one;*

each life is a field of exercise and improvement for the next higher one ; the life of the foetus for that of the infant, the life of the infant for that of the child, and all the lower for the highest and best.—But is this the last period of Nature's progression ? Is this the utmost extent of her plot, where she winds up the drama, and dismisses the actor into eternal oblivion ? Or does he appear to be invested with supernumerary powers, which have not full exercise and scope, even in the last scene, and reach not that maturity or perfection, of which they are capable ; and therefore point to some higher scene, where he is to sustain another and more important character than he has yet sustained ? If any such there are, may we not conclude, by analogy, or in the same way of anticipation as before, that he is destined for that after-part, and is to be produced upon a more august and solemn stage, where his sublimer powers shall have proportioned action, and his nature attain it's completion ?

FORDYCE.

VIEW OF THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF LIFE.

HE who, in his youth, improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge, and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers by the love of virtue, for the service of his friends, his country, and mankind ; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by virtuous love for domestic life ; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection ; and who to all these adds a sober, masculine piety, equally remote from superstition and enthusiasm : that man enjoys the most agreeable youth, and lays in the richest fund for the honourable action and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life.

He, who, in manhood, keeps the defensive and private

passions under the wisest restraint; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships; who seeks after fame, wealth, and power, in the road of truth and virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that road, generously despises them; who, in his private character and connexions, gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions, and in his public character and connexions serves his country and mankind in the most upright and disinterested manner; who, in fine, enjoys the goods of life with the greatest moderation, bears it's ills with the greatest fortitude, and in those various circumstances of duty and trial maintains and expresses an habitual and supreme reverence and love of God: that man is the worthiest character in this stage of life; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity, and paves the way to the most easy and honourable old age.

Finally, he who, in the decline of life, preserves himself most exempt from the chagrins incident to that period; cherishes the most equal and kind affections; uses his experience, wisdom, and authority in the most fatherly and venerable manner; acts under a sense of the inspection, and with a view to the approbation of his Maker; is daily aspiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it; and, having sustained his part with integrity and consistency to the last, quits the stage with a modest and graceful triumph: this is the best, this is the happiest old man.

Therefore that whole life of youth, manhood, and old age, which is spent after this manner, is the best and the happiest life.

FORDYCE.

ON MARRIAGE.

THE aphorism, so often repeated, that "*there is no medium in marriage*, but that it is a state of exquisite

happiness or exquisite misery ;” is a maxim equally false and pernicious: for marriage is only one modification of human life, and human life is not commonly in itself a state of exquisite extremes; but is, for the most part, that mixed and moderate state, so naturally dreaded by those who set out with fancying this world a state of rapture, and so naturally expected by those who know it to be a state of probation and discipline. Marriage, therefore, is only one condition, and often the best condition, of that imperfect state of being, which, though seldom very exquisite, is often very tolerable; and which may yield much comfort to those, who do not look for constant transport. But, unfortunately, those who find themselves disappointed of the unceasing raptures they had anticipated in marriage, disdaining to sit down with so poor a provision as comfort, and scorning the acceptance of that moderate lot, which Providence commonly bestows with a view to check despondency and to repress presumption, give themselves up to the other alternative; and, by abandoning their hearts to discontent, make to themselves that misery, with which their fervid imaginations had filled the opposite scale.

The truth is, these young ladies are very apt to pick up their opinions, less from the divines than the poets; and the poets, though it must be confessed they are some of the best embellishers of life, are not quite the safest conductors through it. In travelling through a wilderness, though we avail ourselves of the harmony of singing-birds to render the grove delightful, yet we never think of following them as guides, to conduct us through it's labyrinths.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

FLAVIA AND MIRANDA.

FLAVIA and Miranda are two maiden sisters, that have each of them two hundred pounds a year. They

buried their parents twenty years ago, and have since that time spent their estate as they pleased.

Flavia has been the wonder of all her friends, for her excellent management in making so surprising a figure on so moderate a fortune. Several ladies, that have twice her fortune, are not able always to be so genteel, and so constant at all places of pleasure and expense. She has every thing that is in the fashion, and is in every place where there is any diversion. Flavia is very orthodox; she talks warmly against heretics and schismatics, is generally at church, and often at the sacrament. She once commended a sermon, that was against the pride and vanity of dress, and thought it was very just against Lucinda, whom she takes to be a great deal finer than she need to be. If any one asks Flavia to do something in charity, if she likes the person who makes the proposal, or happens to be in a right temper, she will toss him half-a-crown or a crown, and tell him, if he knew what a long-milliner's bill she had just received, he would think it a great deal for her to give. A quarter of a year after this, she hears a sermon upon the necessity of charity; she thinks the man preaches well, that it is a very proper subject, that people want much to be put in mind of it; but she applies nothing to herself, because she remembers, that she gave a crown some time ago, when she could so ill spare it.

As for poor people themselves, she will admit of no complaints from them; she is very positive they are all cheats and liars, and will say any thing to get relief, and therefore it must be a sin to encourage them in their evil ways.

You would think Flavia had the tenderest conscience in the world, if you were to see how scrupulous and apprehensive she is of the guilt and danger of giving amiss.

She buys all books of wit and humour, and has made

an expensive collection of all our English poets; for he says one cannot have a true taste of any of them without being very conversant with them all.

She will sometimes read a book of piety, if it is a short one, if it is much commended for style and language, and she can tell where to borrow it.

Flavia is very idle, and yet very fond of fine work; this makes her often sit working in bed until noon, and be told many a long story before she is up: so that I need not tell you that her morning devotions are not always rightly performed.

Flavia would be a miracle of piety, if she was but half so careful of her soul as she is of her body. The rising of a pimple in her face, the sting of a gnat, will make her keep her room two or three days; and she thinks they are very rash people, that do not take care of things in time. This makes her so over careful of her health, that she never thinks she is well enough; and so over indulgent, that she never can be really well. So that it costs her a great deal in sleeping draughts and waking draughts, in spirits for the head, in drops for the nerves, in cordials for the stomach, and in saffron for her tea.

If you visit Flavia on the Sunday, you will always meet good company, you will know what is doing in the world, you will hear the last lampoon, be told who wrote it, and who is meant by every name that is in it. You will hear what plays were acted that week, which is the finest song in the opera, who was intolerable at the last assembly, and what games are most in fashion. Flavia thinks they are atheists that play at cards on the Sunday, but she will tell you the nicety of all the games, what cards she held, how she played them, and the history of all that happened at play, as soon as she comes from church. If you would know who is rude and ill-natured, who is vain and foppish, who lives too high, and who is in

debt; if you would know what is the quarrel at a certain house, or who and who are in love; if you would know how late Belinda comes home at night, what clothes she has bought, how she loves compliments, and what a long story she told at such a place; if you would know how cross Lucius is to his wife, what ill natured things he says to her when nobody hears him; if you would know how they hate one another in their hearts, though they appear so kind in public; you must visit Flavia on the Sunday. But still she has so great a regard for the holiness of the Sunday, that she has turned a poor old widow out of her house, as a profane wretch, for having been found once mending her clothes on the Sunday night.

Thus lives Flavia; and, if she lives ten years longer, she will have spent about fifteen hundred and sixty Sundays after this manner. She will have worn about two hundred different suits of clothes. Out of this thirty years of her life, fifteen of them will have been disposed of in bed; and of the remaining fifteen, about fourteen of them will have been consumed in eating, drinking, dressing, visiting, conversing, reading and hearing plays and romances, at operas, assemblies, balls, and diversions. For you may reckon all the time she is up thus spent, except about an hour and a half, that is disposed of at church most Sundays in the year. With great management, and under mighty rules of economy, she will have spent sixty hundred pounds upon herself, bating only some shillings, crowns, or half-crowns, that have gone from her in accidental charities.

I shall not take upon me to say, that it is impossible for Flavia to be saved; but this much must be said, that she has no grounds from Scripture to think she is in the way of salvation. For her whole life is in direct opposition to all those tempers and practices, which the Gospel has made necessary to salvation.

If you were to hear her say, that she had lived all her life like Anna the prophetess, *who departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day*, you would look upon her as very extravagant; and yet this would be no greater an extravagance than for her to say that she had been *striving to enter in at the strait gate*, or making any one doctrine of the Gospel a rule of her life.

Miranda (the sister of Flavia) is a sober, reasonable Christian; as soon as she was mistress of her time and fortune, it was her first thought how she might best fulfil every thing, that God required of her in the use of them, and how she might make the best and happiest use of this short life. She depends upon the truth of what our blessed Lord hath said, *that there is but one thing needful*, and therefore makes her whole life but one continual labour after it. She has but one reason for doing or not doing, for liking or not liking any thing, and that is, the will of God. She is not so weak as to pretend to add what is called the fine lady to the true Christian. Miranda thinks too well to be taken with the sound of such silly words; she has renounced the world to follow Christ in the exercise of humility, charity, devotion, abstinence, and heavenly affections; and that is Miranda's fine breeding.

While she was under her mother, she was forced to be genteel, to live in ceremony, to sit up late at nights, to be in the folly of every fashion, and always visiting on Sundays. To go patched, and loaded with a burden of fineries to the holy sacrament; to be in every polite conversation; to hear profaneness at the playhouse, and wanton songs and love intrigues at the opera; to dance at public places, that fops and rakes might admire the fineness of her shape, and the beauty of her motions. The remembrance of this way of life makes her exceedingly careful to atone for it by a contrary behaviour.

Miranda does not divide her duty between God, her neighbour, and herself, but she considers all as due to God, and so does every thing in his name, and for his sake. This makes her consider her fortune as the gift of God, that is to be used; as every thing is that belongs to God, for the wise and reasonable ends of a Christian and holy life. Her fortune, therefore, is divided betwixt herself and several other poor people, and she has only her part of relief from it. She thinks it the same folly to indulge herself in needless, vain expenses, as to give to other people to spend in the same way. Therefore, as she will not give a poor man money to go to see a puppet-show, neither will she allow herself any to spend in the same manner, thinking it very proper to be as wise herself as she expects poor men should be. For it is a folly and a crime in a poor man, says Miranda, to waste what is given him in foolish trifles, while he wants meat, drink, and clothes: and is it less folly, or a less crime, in me, to spend that money in silly diversions, which might be so much better spent in imitation of the divine goodness, in works of kindness and charity towards my fellow creatures and fellow Christians?

This is the spirit of Miranda, and thus she uses the gifts of God; she is only one of a certain number of poor people, that are relieved out of her fortune, and she only differs from them in the blessedness of giving.

Excepting her victuals, she never spent ten pence a year upon herself. If you were to see her, you would wonder what poor body it was that was so surprisingly neat and clean. She has but one rule that she observes in her dress, to be always clean and in the cheapest things. Every thing about her resembles the purity of her soul, and she is always clean without, because she is always pure within.

Every morning sees her early at her prayers. She

rejoices in the beginning of every day, because it begins all her pious rules of holy living, and brings the fresh pleasure of repeating them. She seems to be as a guardian angel to those that dwell about her, with her watchings and prayers blessing the place where she dwells, and making intercession with God for those that are asleep.

When you see her at work, you see the same wisdom that governs all her other actions. She is either doing something that is necessary for herself, or necessary for others who want to be assisted. There is scarce a poor family in the neighbourhood, but wears something or other that has had the labour of her hands. Her wise and pious mind neither wants the amusement, nor can bear with the folly of idle and impertinent work. She can admit of no such folly as this in the day, because she is to answer for all her actions at night. When there is no wisdom to be observed in the employment of her hands, when there is no useful or charitable work to be done, Miranda will work no more. At her table, she lives strictly by this rule of Holy Scripture, *Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.* This makes her begin and end every meal, as she begins and ends every day, with acts of devotion: she eats and drinks only for the sake of living, and with so regular an abstinence, that every meal is an exercise of self-denial, and she humbles her body every time that she is forced to feed it.

The Holy Scriptures, especially of the New Testament, are her daily study; these she reads with a watchful attention, constantly casting an eye upon herself, and trying herself by every doctrine that is there. When she has the New Testament in her hand, she supposes herself at the feet of our Saviour and his apostles, and makes every thing that she learns of them so many laws of her life. She

ceives their sacred words with as much attention and reverence as if she saw their persons, and knew that they were just come from Heaven on purpose to teach her the way that leads to it.

To relate her charity would be to relate the history of every day for twenty years; for so long has all her fortune been spent that way. She has set up near twenty poor tradesmen that had failed in their business, and saved as many from failing. She has educated several poor children, that were picked up in the streets, and put them in a way of an honest employment. As soon as any labourer is confined at home with sickness, she sends him, till he recovers, twice the value of his wages, that he may have one part to give to his family, as usual, and the other to provide things convenient for his sickness.

If a family seems too large to be supported by the labour of those that can work in it, she pays their rent, and gives them something yearly towards their clothing. By this means there are many poor families that live in a comfortable manner, and are from year to year blessing her in their prayers.

Miranda is a constant relief to poor people in their misfortunes and accidents. There are sometimes little misfortunes that happen to them, which, of themselves, they could never be able to overcome. The death of a cow, or a horse, or some little robbery, would keep them in distress all their lives. She does not suffer them to grieve under such accidents as these. She immediately gives them the full value of their loss, and makes use of it as a means of raising their minds towards God.

This is the spirit, and this is the life of the devout Miranda; and, if she lives ten years longer, she will have spent sixty hundred pounds in charity, for that which she allows herself may be fairly reckoned among her *alms*.

When she dies, she must shine among apostles, and saints, and martyrs; she must stand among the first servants of God, and be glorious among those that have fought the good fight, and finished their course with joy.

LAW'S CALL.

INCONSISTENCY.

BENDED knees, while you are clothed with pride; heavenly petitions, while you are hoarding up treasures upon Earth; holy devotions, while you live in the follies of the world; prayers of meekness and charity, while your heart is the seat of spite and resentment; hours of prayer, while you give up days and years to idle diversions, impertinent visits, and foolish pleasures; are as absurd, unacceptable services to God, as forms of thanksgiving from a person that lives in repinings and discontent.

LAW'S CALL.

CÆLIA, A CHARACTER.

CÆLIA is always telling you how provoked she is, what intolerable, shocking things happen to her, what monstrous usage she suffers, and what vexations she meets with everywhere. She tells you, that her patience is quite worn out, and there is no bearing the behaviour of people. Every assembly that she is at sends her home provoked; something or other has been said or done, that no reasonable, well-bred person ought to bear. Poor people, that want her charity, are sent away with hasty answers, not because she has not a heart to part with any money, but because she is too full of some trouble of her own, to attend to the complaints of others. Cælia has no business upon

her hands, but to receive the income of a plentiful fortune; but yet, by the doleful turn of her mind, you would be apt to think, that she had neither food nor lodging. If you see her look more pale than ordinary, if her lips tremble when she speaks to you, it is because she is just come from a visit, where Lupus took no notice at all of her, but talked all the time to Lucinda, who has not half her fortune. When cross accidents have so disordered her spirits, that she is forced to send for the doctor to make her able to eat, she tells him, in great anger at Providence, that she never was well since she was born, and that she envies every beggar that she sees in health.

This is the disquiet life of Cælia, who has nothing to torment her but her own spirit.

If you could inspire her with a Christian humility, you need do no more to make her as happy as any person in the world. This virtue would make her thankful to God for half so much health as she has had, and help her to enjoy more for the time to come. This virtue would keep off tremblings of the spirits and loss of appetite, and her blood would need nothing else to sweeten it.

LAW'S CALL.

CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR.

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character is, that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause; if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women. But you may be dazzled by that admiration, which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility, which is

indicates; may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask, why a woman should blush, when she is conscious of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that Nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so. Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dulness. One may take a share of conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression in the countenance shows it; and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places; but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of superior rank addresses you, do not let your eager attention and visible preference betray the flutter of your heart. Let your pride, on this occasion, preserve you from that meanness, into which your vanity would sink you. Consider, that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman, only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men even of the first rank with that dignified modesty, which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess: it must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is per-

fectly consistent with softness and delicacy; yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humour is a different quality; it will make your company much solicited: but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

GREGORY.

FEMALE ECONOMY.

LADIES, whose natural vanity has been aggravated by a false education, may look down on economy as a vulgar attainment, unworthy of the attention of a highly cultivated intellect; but this is the false estimate of a shallow mind. Economy, such as a woman of fortune is called on to practise, is not merely the petty detail of small daily expenses, the shabby curtailments and stinted parsimony of a little mind, operating on little concerns; but it is the exercise of a sound judgment exerted in the comprehensive outline of order, of arrangement, of distribution; of regulations, by which alone well governed societies, great and small, subsist. She, who has the best regulated mind, will, other things being equal, have the best regulated family. As in the superintendence of the universe, wisdom is seen in its effects; and as in the visible works of Providence, that which goes on with such beautiful regularity is the result not of chance but of design; so that management, which seems the most easy, is commonly the consequence of the best concerted plan; and a well concerted plan is seldom the offspring of an ordinary mind. A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into

action ; it is calculation realized ; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice ; it is foreseeing consequences, and guarding against them ; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them. The difference is, that to a narrow minded, vulgar economist the details are continually present ; she is overwhelmed by their weight, and is perpetually bespeaking your pity for her labours, and your praise for her exertions ; she is afraid you will not see how much she is harassed. She is not satisfied, that the machine moves harmoniously, unless she is perpetually exposing every secret spring to observation. Little events and trivial operations engross her whole soul ; while a woman of sense, having provided for their probable recurrence, guards against the inconveniences, without being disconcerted by the casual obstructions which they offer to her general scheme. Subordinate expenses, and considerable retrenchments, should not swallow up that attention, which is better bestowed on regulating the general scale of expense, correcting and reducing an overgrown establishment, and reforming radical and growing excesses.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A YOUNG lady may excel in speaking French and Italian ; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts ; play like a professor, and sing like a siren ; have her dressing room decorated with her own drawing, tables, stands, flower pots, screens, and cabinets ; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications ; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education.

These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others, which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on it's importance.

But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to it's respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, sooth his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

Mrs. Moore.

FAMILY DUTIES.

FAMILY friendships are the friendships made for us (if I may so speak) by God himself. With the kindest intentions, he has knit the bands of family love by indispensable duties: and wretched are they, who have burst them asunder by violence and ill-will, or worn them out by constant little disobligations, and by the want of that attention to please, which the presence of a stranger always inspires, but which is so often shamefully neglected towards those, whom it is most our duty and interest to please. May you, my dear, be wise enough to see, that every faculty of entertainment, every engaging qualification, which you possess, is exerted to the best advantage for those, whose love is of most importance to you; for those who live under the same roof, and with whom you are connected for life, either by the ties of blood, or by the still more sacred obligations of a voluntary engagement.

To make you the delight and darling of your family, something more is required, than barely to be exempt from ill temper and troublesome humours: the sincere and genuine smiles of complacency and love must adorn your countenance: that ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection, must animate your behaviour, and endear your most common actions: politeness must accompany your greatest familiarities, and restrain you from every thing that is really offensive, or which can give a moment's unnecessary pain: conversation, which is so apt to grow dull and insipid in families, nay, in some to be almost wholly laid aside, must be cultivated with the frankness and openness of friendship, and by the mutual communication of whatever may conduce to the improvement or innocent entertainment of each other.

• Reading, whether apart or in common, will furnish useful and pleasing subjects ; and the sprightliness of youth will naturally inspire harmless mirth and native humour, if encouraged by a mutual desire of diverting each other, and making the hours pass agreeably in your own house : every amusement that offers, will be heightened by the participation of these dear companions, and by talking over every incident together, and every object of pleasure. If you have any acquired talent of entertainment, such as music, painting, or the like, your own family are those before whom you should most wish to excel, and for whom you should always be ready to exert yourself : not suffering the accomplishments which you have gained, perhaps by their means, and at their expense, to lie dormant, till the arrival of a stranger gives you spirit in the performance. Where this last is the case, you may be sure vanity is the only motive of the exertion : — a stranger will praise you more. But how little sensibility has that heart, which is not more gratified by the silent pleasure painted on the countenance of a partial parent, or of an affectionate brother, than by the empty compliment of a visitor, who is perhaps inwardly more disposed to criticise and ridicule, than to admire you !

Mrs. CHAPONE.

ON SENSIBILITY.

THERE is nothing in which self deception is more notorious, than in what regards sentiment and feeling. Let a vain young woman be told, that tenderness and softness are the peculiar charm of the sex ; that even their weakness is lovely, and their fears becoming ; and you will presently observe her grow so tender, as to be ready to weep for a fly ; so fearful, that she starts at a feather ; and so weak hearted, that the smallest accident quite overpowers *her*.

Remember, my dear, that our feelings were not given us for our ornament, but to spur us on to right actions. Compassion, for instance, was not impressed upon the human heart, only to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes; it was designed to excite our utmost endeavours to relieve the sufferer.

Yet, how often have I heard that selfish weakness, which flies from the sight of distress, dignified with the name of tenderness!—"My friend is, I hear, in the deepest affliction and misery:—I have not seen her;—for indeed I cannot bear such scenes, they affect me too much!—Those who have less sensibility, are fitter for this world; but, for my part, I own, I am not able to support such things. I shall not attempt to visit her, till I hear she has recovered her spirits." This have I heard said, with an air of complacence; and the poor, selfish creature has persuaded herself, that she had finer feelings than those generous friends, who are sitting patiently in the house of mourning, watching, in silence, the proper moment to pour in the balm of comfort; who suppressed their own sensations, and only attended to those of the afflicted person; and whose tears flowed in secret, while their eyes and voice were taught to enliven the sinking heart with the appearance of cheerfulness.

That sort of tenderness, which makes us useless, may indeed be pitied and excused, if owing to natural imbecility; but, if it pretends to loveliness and excellence, it becomes truly contemptible.

The same degree of active courage is not to be expected in woman as in man; and, not belonging to her nature, it is not agreeable in her: but passive courage, patience and fortitude under sufferings, presence of mind, and calm resignation in danger, are surely desirable in every rational creature; especially in one professing to believe in an overruling Providence, in which we may at all times

quietly confide, and which we may safely trust with every event, that does not depend upon our own will. Whenever you find yourself deficient in these virtues, let it be a subject of shame and humiliation, not of vanity and self-complacency: do not fancy yourself the more amiable for that which really makes you despicable; but content yourself with the faults and weaknesses that belong to you, without putting on more by way of ornament.

MRS. CHAPONE.

A COMPARISON.

SEE how the world its veterans rewards !
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
 Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
 A sop for their passion, but their prize a sot ;
 Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah, friend ! to dazzle let the Vain design ;
 To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine !
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
 So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light ;
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
 And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

POPE.

ON POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, *which shows itself to general acquaintance in an obliging*

unconstrained civility, as it does to more particular ones in distinguished acts of kindness. This good nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic cares, which custom and fashion have established, if by these means it can procure in any degree the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind; thus paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles, which tend to please or to oblige; and, though it's foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can scarce be perfect without a complete knowledge of the world. In society, it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the desire of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable. It takes off the edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit. It preserves a proper subordination among all ranks of people, and can reconcile a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors, it appears in a respectful freedom; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors, it shows itself in an unassuming good nature. It's aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart. To

equals, it is every thing that is charming ; it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and all the time appears perfectly disengaged and careless.

Such and so amiable is true politeness : by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in it's two extremes ; and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which, in truth, is only one instance of it.

There is a kind of character, which does not in the least deserve to be reckoned polite, though it is exact in every punctilio of behaviour ; such as would not, for the world, omit paying you the civility of a bow, or fail in the least circumstance of decorum. But then these people do this merely for their own sake : whether you are pleased or embarrassed with it is little of their care. They have performed their own parts, and are satisfied. One there is, who says more civil things than half mankind besides, and yet is "so obliging, that he never obliged." For while he is paying the highest court to some one person of the company, he must, of course, neglect the rest, which is ill made up by a forced recollection at last, and some lame civility, which however it may be worded, does, in effect, express only this : "I protest I had quite forgot you ; but as insignificant as you are, I must not, for my own sake, let you go home out of humour." Thus every one in his turn finding his civility to be just as variable as his interests, no one thinks himself obliged to him for it.

This then is a proof, that true politeness, the great end of which is giving real pleasure, can have it's source only in a virtuous and benevolent heart. Yet this is not all ; it must observe propriety too. There is a character of perfect good nature, that loves to have every thing about it happy and merry. This is a character greatly to be loved,

ut has little claim to the title of politeness. Such persons have no notion of freedom without noise and tumult : and, by taking off every proper restraint, and sinking themselves to the level of their companions, even lessen the pleasure these would have in the company of their superiors.

MISS TALBOT.

ON TEMPER.

O! BLEST with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to morrow cheerful as to day ;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or smallpox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.

POPE.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know :
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere ;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune, that your sex attends ;
Women, like princes, find few real friends :

All who approach them their own ends pursue ;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays :
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has it's rule :
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heav'n!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain :
Of those who claim it, more than half have none ;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Seek to be good; but aim not to be great :
A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign :
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk, corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy; and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution choose ; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is giv'n,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heav'n ;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting pow'r:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave,

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no pow'r, but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lovers peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied.

Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown :
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief :
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
Than wed the wretch, whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

E'en in the happiest choice, where fav'ring Heav'n
Has equal love and easy fortune giv'n,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done :
The prize of happiness must still be won :
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost.
The Graces might alone his heart allure ;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or wo,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear :
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife ;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone ;
E'en o'er your cold, your ever sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
 And form your heart to all the arts of love.
 The task were harder, to secure my own
 Against the pow'r of those already known :
 For well you twist the secret chains, that bind
 With gentle force the captivated mind,
 Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
 Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy ;
 I own your genius, and from you receive
 The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

LORD LYTTLETON.

GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

PEEVISHNESS, though not so violent and fatal in it's immediate effects, is still more unamiable than passion, and, if possible, more destructive of happiness, inasmuch as it operates more continually. Though the fretful man injures us less, he disgusts us more than the passionate one, because he betrays a low and little mind, intent on trifles, and engrossed by a paltry self-love ; which knows not how to bear the very apprehension of any inconvenience. It is self-love, then, which we must combat, when we find ourselves assaulted by this infirmity ; and, by voluntarily enduring inconveniences, we shall habituate ourselves to bear them with ease and good humour, when occasioned by others. Perhaps this is the best kind of religious mortification, as the chief end of denying ourselves any innocent indulgences must be to acquire a habit of command over our passions and inclinations, particularly such as are likely to lead us into evil. And though the aged and infirm are most liable to this evil (and they alone are to be pitied for it) ; yet we sometimes see the young, the healthy, and those who enjoy most outward blessings, inexcusably guilty of it.

The smallest disappointment in pleasure, or difficulty in the most trifling employment, will put wilful young people out of temper; and their very amusements frequently become sources of vexation and peevishness. How often have I seen a girl, preparing for a ball, or for some other public appearance, unable to satisfy her own vanity, fret over every ornament she put on, quarrel with her maid, with her clothes, her hair; and, growing still more unlovely as she grew more cross, be ready to fight with her looking-glass for not making her as handsome as she wished to be! She did not consider, that the traces of this ill humour on her countenance would be a greater disadvantage to her appearance, than any defect in her dress, or even than the plainest features, enlivened by joy and good humour. There is a degree of resignation necessary even to the enjoyment of pleasure; we must be ready and willing to give up some part of what we could wish for, before we can enjoy that which is indulged to us. I have no doubt, that she, who frets all the while she is dressing for an assembly, will suffer still greater uneasiness when she is there. The same craving, restless vanity will there endure a thousand mortifications, which, in the midst of seeming pleasure, will secretly corrode her heart; while the meek and humble generally find more gratification than they expected, and return home pleased and enlivened from every scene of amusement, though they could have staid away from it with perfect ease and contentment. MRS. CHAPONE.

INSUFFICIENCY OF BEAUTY.

SAY why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel like ador'd?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
beaux ?

Why bows the sidebox from it's inmost rows ?

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,

Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains :

That men may say, when we the front box grace,

Behold the first in virtue as in face !

Oh ! if to dance all night and dress all day,

Charm'd the smallpox, or chas'd old age away,

Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?

To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint ;

Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ;

Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray ;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,

And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;

What then remains but well our pow'r to use,

And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose ?

And trust me, dear ! good humour can prevail,

When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail :

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

POPE.

VIRTUOUS LOVE.

DELIGHTFUL task ! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot,

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix

The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.

O speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear

Surprises often, while you look around

And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss.

All various nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, freindship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heav'n:
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 'Till ev'ning comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Knanow'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 'Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

BEAUTY DEPENDENT ON SENTIMENT.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art, by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few ; an art, by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured ;—" the art of being pretty."

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired ; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness, or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt : it is therefore to be wished, at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those, who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer : and, if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to show that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty, which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance, there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion : and it will appear, that, even in common estimation, these are not the chief; but that, though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike ; and, when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion ; and, if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance, on which they are turned ; and, if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of it's object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the preeminence, and the reason is evident ;

dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency : so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object ; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin : he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole ; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation, which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies, as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects ; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience ; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm, which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence ; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, affectation ; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill, as to deceive superficial observers, though it cannot deceive even these but for a moment. Looks, which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed

without labour, nor continued without pain ; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together ; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health : it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection ; but, as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance ; because the muscles, by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax ; so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended : thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act : the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the minds of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment equally endanger the possessor ; " it is," to use an eastern metaphor, " like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence : " if it excites desire, it

at once controls and refines it ; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty ; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity : every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty ; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish ; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles ; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty ; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain ? The only desire, which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please ; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue ; and that those, who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

ADVENTURER.

ON GOOD NATURE.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the ladies, yet there are some parts of it, which I hope will not be wholly useless to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur; I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies, it is a kind of general maxim, that "the best husband is a reformed rake;" a maxim, which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They have," indeed, "heard of a wild young gentleman, who would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child, that did not call him father; but that, in some of these frolicks, he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered." But let the Adventurer be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood:

"To rake-about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human beings; it is to become familiar with blasphemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most deplorable misery. To tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning and falsehood. To be

the father of a nameless progeny, is to desert those, whose tears only can implore the protection, to which, of all others, they have the strongest and the tenderest claim; it is more than to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute without instinct. To think no harm in some of these frolicks, is to have worn out all sensibility of the difference between right and wrong; and to have suffered for others, is to have a body contaminated with diseases, which in some degree are certainly transmitted to posterity."

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture will be sufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which, though not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. "A man of fine sense" is indeed a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been advised to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to bestow "that refined, exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being." But I think it probable, that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate, that there are any

ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned, and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet, I think, there is another excellence, which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, good nature.

I know that good nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of folly; and that folly has been dignified by the name of good nature. But by good nature I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind, which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expense of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expense of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true good nature there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person, whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

I shall, perhaps, be told, that "a man of sense can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can "use a woman ill," I will not inquire, but I shall endeavour to show, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others; so, as a punishment for the offence,

they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach : and by him, whom good nature does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion, and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent ; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late ; the dread of incurring the same anguish, by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithstanding, be again repeated ; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse, will again return ; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved becomes the subject of debate ; the consequences are yet more dreadful : after a vain attempt to show an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of " the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can bestow ? "

That this conduct is, by a man of sense, known to be wrong, I am content to allow ; but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to-right ; and that, if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, wisdom is not kind ; without it, folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once *more repeated*, " The quality most essential to conjugal

felicity is good nature." And, surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those, by whom they are addressed; but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amid the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise, the lover. Good nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expense of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, good nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give. Reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that, which in happier

natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab enhances the value of the graft, so that which on it's parent plant is good nature, will on a less kindly stock be improved by virtue. No action, by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the sacred rule, "Do that to others which ye would that others should do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word shall be brought into judgment."

ADVENTURER.

ON AMUSEMENT.

THE love of promiscuous amusement, how innocent soever it may often seem, and sometimes be, ensnares multitudes of our sex. Their earliest days are marked by a mixture of sprightliness and simplicity. They run, they laugh, they prattle; and then they often blush, for fear of having offended. As they grow up, their sensibilities become more enlightened, and more awake. They blush oftener. It is the precious colouring of virtue, as one has happily phrased it. They contract a quicker perception of what is decent, and of what is wise. A sweet timidity was given them to guard their innocence, by inclining them to shrink from whatever might threaten to injure it. Their passions, as they rise, are restrained from exorbitance, by a secret sentiment of shame and honour. In this state of mind, they come to hear much concerning public diversions. The description is frequently repeated, and always exaggerated. Their curiosity takes fire; they are eager to participate. They are indulged once, a second, a third time, often, without control. By little and little, their natural fearfulness begins to abate. For a while, they are shocked at signs of rudeness. Their ears are wounded by the language of vice: oaths, imprecations, double meanings, every thing obscene, fills them with disgust and hor-

ror. But custom soon begets familiarity; and familiarity produces indifference. The emotions of delicacy are less frequent, less strong. And now they seldom blush, although perhaps they often affect it. At the image of sin they tremble no longer: their minds are already debauched. All the internal fences of modesty are broken down. Can you wonder, if it be then easily assailed from without? But what if it be not? What if appearances be still preserved, if open scandal be not incurred, or if secret enormity should be always avoided? Is it enough for a young woman to be free from infamy, from crimes? Between the state of virgin purity and actual prostitution, are there no intermediate degrees? Is it nothing to have the soul deflowered, the fancy polluted, the passions flung into a ferment? Say, is it nothing to forfeit inward freedom and selfpossession? The beauty, the dignity, the tranquillity of conscious virtue — are all these of no account?

Such, indeed, one would think were the opinions of those, who imagine there can be no harm in a passion for places of entertainment; because, say they, all attacks on the honour of persons who resort thither are precluded. Be that as it may, I must ever maintain, that young women of principle will be cautious of frequenting scenes, where shamefacedness, at once the companion and the guardian of female innocence, is in danger of being lost. But I add, that every prudent young woman also will be extremely wary in this particular; because, the ornament we now recommend is as wise, as it is necessary. There is nothing so engaging as bashful beauty. The beauty that obtrudes itself, how considerable soever, will either disgust, or at most excite but inferior desires. Men are so made. They refuse their admiration, where it is courted; where it seems rather shunned, they love to bestow it. The retiring graces have been always the most attractive.

FORDYCE.

DISSIPATION OF THE RISING GENERATION.

IMAGINE a set of chaste matrons, anciently mothers in this metropolis, who lived and died in sacred obscurity, were seldom found from their own houses, but placed their humble glory in shining there, particularly in breeding their children to every thing prudent and praiseworthy; imagine them, for a little, to return to life, and to observe, unknown, the manners of the present age. When, among other things, they saw the daughters of many a citizen, glittering in gorgeous apparel not paid for, rolling their eyes on every side through a large assembly, studying by every childish art to draw the notice of the men, contending with one another who should be most the objects of attention, catching with a kind of triumph each transient glance, nor showing the smallest uneasiness even to be stared at by the most licentious eye, or to be blown upon by the most corrupted breath of every vile betrayer—I pursue the description no farther—what would our venerable spectators think of their posterity? What grief would fill their hearts on the occasion? But how great would be their astonishment and horror, when informed, that numbers of those young persons, whose behaviour was unbecoming, had not been taught by their mothers, their grandmothers, or any other friend in the world, one solid lesson of wisdom or frugality, of female decorum, or amiable reserve.

FORDYCE.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

SOME gentle ghost, that's launch'd and gone
From coasts of dull mortality,
That's well arrived, and entertain'd as one
Of the triumphant colony,
That stocks the regions of the blest eternity;

Come ease my burden'd mind, and tell
 What 'tis to bid ~~the~~ the world farewell ;
 What 'tis t'abandon all that's dear,
 My hopes and joys below,
 My friends and studies too,
 And all my known converses here :
 O tell what 'tis to take a flight
 Beyond the changes of revolving light,
 To worlds I never saw,
 Worlds of wonder and of awe,
 Or fill'd with solid glory, or with solid night !
 Come, candid spirit ! haste and fly,
 And if thou canst declare,
 And I the news can bear,
 Come tell me what it is to die.

REYNOLDS.

ON VANITY AND AFFECTATION.

I MUST, with more than ordinary earnestness, give you caution against vanity, it being the fault to which your sex seems to be the most inclined : and, since affectation for the most part attends it, I do not know how to divide them. I will not call them twins ; because, more properly, vanity is the mother, and affectation is the darling daughter ; vanity is the sin, and affectation the punishment ; the first may be called the root of self-love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at it's full growth, till it spreads into affectation, and then it is complete.

Not to dwell any longer upon the definition of them, I will pass to the means and motives to avoid them. In order to it, you are to consider, that the world challenges the right of distributing esteem and applause ; so that where any assume, by their single authority, to be their own carvers, it grows angry, and never fails to seek re-

venge. And, if we may measure a fault by the greatness of the penalty, there are few of a higher size than vanity, as there is scarce a punishment, which can be heavier than that of being laughed at.

Vanity makes a woman tainted with it so topful of herself, that she spills it upon the company. And, because her own thoughts are entirely employed in self-contemplation, she endeavours, by a cruel mistake, to confine her acquaintance to the same narrow circle of that which only concerns her ladyship, forgetting, that she is not of half that importance to the world that she is to herself; so mistaken is she in her value, by being her own appraiser. She will fetch such a compass in discourse to bring in her beloved self, and, rather than fail, her fine petticoat, that there can hardly be a better scene, than such a trial of ridiculous ingenuity. It is a pleasure to see her angle for commendation, and rise so dissatisfied with the ill bred company, if they will not bite. To observe her throwing her eyes about to fetch in prisoners, and go about cruising like a privateer, and so out of countenance if she returns without booty, is no ill piece of comedy. She is so eager to draw respect, that she always misses it, yet thinks it so much her due, that when she fails she grows waspish; not considering, that the will must be fairly gained, and will not be taken by storm; and that in this case the tax ever rises highest by a benevolence. If the world, instead of admiring her imaginary excellences, takes the liberty to laugh at them, she appeals for it to herself; for whom she gives sentence, and proclaims it in all companies. On the other side, if encouraged by a civil word, she is so obliging, that she will give thanks for being laughed at in good language. She takes a compliment for a demonstration, and sets it up as an evidence even against her looking-glass. But the good lady, being all this while in a most profound ignorance of herself, forgets, that men would not

let her talk upon them, and throw so many senseless words at their heads, if they did not intend to put her person to fine and ransom for her impertinence. Good words of any other lady are so many stones thrown at her; she can by no means bear them; they make her so uneasy, that she cannot keep her seat, but up she rises, and goes home half-burst with anger and strait-lacing. If, by great chance, she saith any thing that hath sense in it, she expects such an excessive rate of commendations, that, to her thinking, the company ever rises in her debt. She looks upon rules as things made for the common people, and not for persons of her rank; and this opinion sometimes tempts her to extend her prerogative to the dispensing with the commandment. If, by great fortune, she happens, in spite of her vanity, to be honest, she is so troublesome with it, that, as far as in her lies, she makes a scurvy thing of it. Her bragging of her virtue, looks as if it cost her so much pains to get the better of herself, that the inferences are very ridiculous. Her good humour is generally applied to the laughing at good sense. It would do one good, to see how heartily she despises any thing that is fit for her to do. The greatest part of her fancy is laid out in choosing her gown, as her discretion is chiefly employed in not paying for it. She is faithful to the fashion, to which not only her opinion, but her senses are wholly resigned: so obsequious is she to it, that she would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue, with all its faults, if she had her dancing master's word, that it was practised at court.

To a woman so composed, when affectation comes in to improve her character, it is then raised to the highest perfection. She first sets up for a fine thing, and for that reason will distinguish herself, right or wrong, in every thing she doth. She would have it thought, that she is made of so much the finer clay, and so much more sifted than ordinary, that she hath no common earth about her.

To this end, she must neither move nor speak like other women, because it would be vulgar; and therefore must have a language of her own, since ordinary English is too coarse for her. The looking-glass, in the morning, dictates to her all the motions of the day, which, by how much the more studied, are so much the more mistaken. She comes into a room as if her limbs were set on with ill made screws, which makes the company fear the pretty thing would leave some of it's artificial person upon the floor. She doth not like herself as God Almighty made her, but will have some of her own workmanship; which is so far from making her a better thing than a woman, that it turns her into a worse creature than a monkey. When she hath a mind to be soft and languishing, there is something so unnatural in that affected easiness, that her frowns could not be, by many degrees, so forbidding. When she would appear unreasonably humble, one may see she is so excessively proud, that there is no enduring it. There is such an impertinent smile, such a satisfied simper, when she faintly disowns some fulsome commendation a man happens to bestow upon her against his conscience, that her thanks for it are more visible, under such a thin disguise, than they could be if she should print them. If a handsomer woman takes any liberty of dressing out of the ordinary rules, the mistaken lady follows, without distinguishing the unequal pattern, and makes herself uglier, by an example misplaced; either forgetting the privilege of good looks in another, or presuming, without sufficient reason, upon her own. Her discourse is a senseless chime of empty words, a heap of compliments, so equally applied to different persons, that they are neither valued nor believed. Her eyes keep pace with her tongue, and are therefore always in motion. She thinks that paint and sin are concealed by railing at them. Upon the latter, she is less hard; and, being divided between the two opposite prides of her beauty

and her virtue, she is often tempted to give broad hints, that somebody is dying for her; and, of the two, she is less unwilling to let the world think she may be sometimes profaned, than that she is never worshipped.

Very great beauty may, perhaps, so dazzle for a time, that men may not so clearly see the deformity of these affectations; but, when the brightness goes off, and the lover's eyes are by that means set at liberty to see things as they are, he will naturally return to his senses, and recover the mistake, into which the lady's good looks had at first engaged him; and, being once undeceived, ceases to worship that as a goddess, which he sees only as an artificial shrine, moved by wheels and springs to delude him. Such women please only like the first opening of a scene, that hath nothing to recommend it but the being new. They may be compared to flies, that have pretty shining wings for two or three hot months, but the first cold weather makes an end of them: so the latter season of these fluttering creatures is dismal; from their nearest friends they receive a very faint respect, from the rest of the world the utmost degree of contempt.

Let this picture supply the place of any other rules, which might be given to prevent your resemblance to it.

The deformity of it, well considered, is instruction enough: from the same reason, that the sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that was ever preached upon that subject.

LORD HALIFAX.

ON FAMILY MANAGEMENT.

REMEMBER well, that no respect is lasting, but that which is produced by our being in some degree useful to those that pay it. Where that faileth, the homage and the reverence go along with it, and fly to others, where some-

thing may be expected in exchange for them. And, upon this principle, the respects even of the children and the servants will not stay with one, that doth not think them worth their care; and the old housekeeper shall make a better figure in the family, than the lady, with all her fine clothes, if she wilfully relinquishes her title to the government. Therefore, take heed of carrying your good breeding to such a height, as to be good for nothing, and to be proud of it. Some think it hath a great air to be above troubling their thoughts with such ordinary things as their house and family; others dare not admit cares for fear they should hasten wrinkles; mistaken pride maketh some think they must keep themselves up, and descend not to these duties, which do not seem enough refined for great ladies to be employed in; forgetting all this while, that it is more than the greatest princes can do, at once to preserve respect, and to neglect their business. No age ever erected altars to insignificant gods; they had all some quality applied to them, to draw worship from mankind: this maketh it the more unreasonable for a lady to expect to be considered, and at the same time resolve not to deserve it. Good looks alone will not do; they are not such a lasting tenure, as to be relied upon; and, if they should stay longer than they usually do, it will by no means be safe to depend upon them: for when time hath abated the violence of the first liking, and that the napp is a little worn off, though still a good degree of kindness may remain, men recover their sight, which before might be dazzled, and allow themselves to object as well as to admire.

In such a case, when a husband seeth an empty, airy thing sail up and down the house, to no kind of purpose, and look as if she came thither only to make a visit; when he findeth, that, after her emptiness hath been extremely busy about some very senseless thing, she eats her breakfast half an hour before dinner, to be at greater liberty

to afflict the company with her discourse; then calleth for her coach, that she may trouble her acquaintance, who are already cloyed with her; and, having some proper dialogues ready to display her foolish eloquence at the top of the stairs, she setteth out like a ship out of the harbour, laden with trifles, and cometh back with them; at her return, she repeateth to her faithful waiting woman the triumphs of that day's impertinence; then, wrapped up in lattery and clean linen, goeth to bed so satisfied, that it throweth her into pleasant dreams of her own felicity: such a one is seldom serious but with her tailor; her children and family may now and then have a random thought, but she never taketh aim but at something very impertinent. I say, when a husband, whose province is without doors, and to whom the economy of the house would be in some degree indecent, findeth no order nor quiet in his family, meeteth with complaints of all kinds springing from this root; the mistaken lady, who thinketh to make amends for all this, by having a well chosen petticoat, will at last be convinced of her error, and with grief be forced to undergo the penalties, that belong to those, who are wilfully insignificant. When this scurvy hour cometh upon her, she first groweth angry; then, when the time of it is past, would perhaps grow wiser, not remembering, that we can no more have wisdom than grace, whenever we think fit to call for it. There are times and periods fixed for both; and, when they are too long neglected, the punishment is, that they are irrecoverable, and nothing remaineth but an useless grief for the folly of having thrown them out of our power. You are to think what a mean figure a woman maketh, when she is so degraded by her own fault; whereas, there is nothing in those duties, which are expected from you, that can be a lessening to you, except your want of conduct makes it so.

LORD HALLIFAX.

A CLIMAX.

NOW, when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found that nothing by itself was made ;
When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
From valleys crown'd with flow'rs and hills with trees,
From smoking min'rals, and from rising streams,
From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames ;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove ;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the ærial or the wat'ry sky ;
From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul,
That miserable master of the whole ;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumber'd and unmeasur'd light ;
From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns :
Lift we our reason to that sov'reign cause,
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
laws ;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same ;
To whom a thousand years are but a day :
Who bade the light her genial beams display,
And set the moon, and taught the sun his way ;
Who, waking Time, his creature, from the source
Primeval, order'd his predestin'd course ;
Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,

The deep abyss, the long continu'd store,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes,
 pour
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more ;
 This Alpha and Omega, First and Last,
 Who, like the potter, in a mould has cast
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see,
 Yet, if he wills, may change or spoil the whole,
 May take yon beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
 And burn it like a useless parchment scroll ;
 May from it's basis in one moment pour
 This melted Earth —
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore ;
 Who, sole in pow'r, at the beginning said,
 Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n be made,
 And it was so — And when he ~~shall~~ ordain
 In other sort, has but to speak again,
 And they shall be no more : of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
 This God, I would discourse.

PRATER.

ON CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION calls out into light what has been
 lodged in all the recesses and secret chambers of the soul.
 By occasional hints and incidents, it brings old, useful no-
 tions into remembrance ; it unfolds and displays the hidden
 treasures of knowledge, with which reading, observation,
 and study had before furnished the mind. By mutual
 discourse the soul is awakened and allured to bring forth
 its hoards of knowledge, and it learns how to render them
 most useful to mankind. A man of vast reading, without
 conversation, is like a miser, who lives only to himself. In

free and friendly conversation, our intellectual powers are more animated, and our spirits act with a superior vigour in the quest and pursuit of unknown truths. There is a sharpness and sagacity of thought, that attends conversation, beyond what we find while we are shut up reading and musing in our retirements. Our souls may be serene in solitude, but not sparkling, though perhaps we are employed in reading the works of the brightest writers. Often has it happened, in free discourse, that new thoughts are strangely struck out, and the seeds of truth sparkle and blaze through the company, which in calm and silent reading would never have been excited. By conversation, you will both give and receive this benefit; as flints, when put into motion, and striking against each other, produce living fire on both sides, which would never have risen from the same hard materials in a state of rest.

DR. WATTS.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign;
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel inn to ev'ry friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose it's trade!
Nay, though the treach'rous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin,
To quit the true old Angel inn.

Now this is Stella's case, in fact:
An angel's face a little crack'd;

(Could poets, or could painters, fix
 How angels look at thirty-six!)
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an angel's mind;
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
 See, at her levee, crowding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains,
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense;
 And puts them to but small expense:
 Their minds so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives!
 And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.
 Then who can think we'll quit the place
 When Doll hangs out a newer face;
 Or stop and 'light at Chloe's head,
 With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
 Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;
 Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
 Your hints, that Stella is no chicken:
 Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
 That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
 And let me warn you to believe
 A truth for which your soul should grieve;
 That, should you live to see the day
 When Stella's locks must all be gray,
 When age must print a furrow'd trace
 On ev'ry feature of her face;
 Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
 Could art, or time, or nature bribe,

To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella at fourscore.

SWIFT.

RECOLLECTIONS.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds :
And, as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave :
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at interval upon the ear
In cadence sweet ! Now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on ;
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody the scene recurs,
And with it all it's pleasures and it's pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short ; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at it's disheart'ning length ;
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once

(Through inexperience as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found !
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all it's force,
Was but the graver countenance of love ;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in it's darkest frown,
'Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recal to life
The boy's neglected sire ! A mother, too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd,
The playful humour ; he could now endure
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears),
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
'Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

COWPER.

ON BEAUTY.

BUT lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire : the freely flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enliv'ning ray

The mossy roofs adore : thou, better sun !
For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of Heav'n !
How shall I trace thy features ? Where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?
Haste then, my song, through Nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth.
Whate'er bright spoils the florid Earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to th' Atlantic isles,
And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold ; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an ev'ning sky ?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades,
The smooth Penéus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene ?
Fair Tempe ! haunt befor'd of sylvan pow'rs,
Of nymphs and fauns ; where, in the golden age,
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan : while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Show'r'd blossoms, odours, show'r'd ambrosial dews,
And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse ; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
Thy smiling treasure to the green recess,
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form

For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
 Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 Thy radiant locks; disclosing, as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck,
 The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip,
 Where winning smiles and pleasure sweet as love,
 With sanctity and wisdom, temp'ring blend
 Their soft allurements. AKENSIDE.

IL LATTE.

YE Fair, for whom the hands of Hymen weave
 The nuptial wreath to deck your virgin brow,
 While pleasing pains the conscious bosom heave,
 And on the kindling cheek the blushes glow:

To you I sing.—Ah! ere the raptur'd youth
 With trembling hand removes the jealous veil,
 Where, long regardless of the vows of truth,
 Unsocial coyness stamp'd th'ungrateful seal:

Allow the poet round your flowing hair,
 Cull'd from an humble vale, a wreath to twine,

To Beauty's altar with the Loves repair,
 And wake the lute beside that living shrine:

That shrine! where Nature, with presaging
 aim,

What time her friendly aid Lucina brings,

The snowy nectar pours, delightful stream!
 Where flutt'ring Cupids dip their purple wings:

For you, who bear a Mother's sacred name,
 Whose cradled offspring, in lamenting strain,

With artless eloquence asserts his claim,
 boon of Nature, but asserts in vain:

When 'mid the polish'd circle ye rejoice,
Or roving join fantastic Pleasure's train,
Unheard perchance the nursing lifts his voice,
His tears unnotic'd, and unsooth'd his pain.

Far better hadst thou first beheld the light
Beneath the rafter of some roof obscure ;
There in a mother's eye to read delight,
And in her cradling arm repose secure.

Unsway'd by Fashion's dull, unseemly jest,
Still to the bosom let your infant cling,

There banquet oft, an ever welcome guest,
Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful spring.

With fond solicitude each pain assuage,
Explain the look, awake the ready smile ;
Unfeign'd attachment so shall you engage,
To crown with gratitude maternal toil :

So shall your daughters, in Affliction's day,
When o'er your form the gloom of age shall spread,
With lenient converse chase the hours away,
And smooth with Duty's hand the widow'd bed :

E'en from the wreath, that decks the warrior's brow,
Some chosen leaves your peaceful walks shall strew :

And e'en the flow'rs on classic ground that blow,
Shall all unfold their choicest sweets for you.

With conscious joy the tender parent fraught,
Still to her son's renown adjoins her name ;

For at the nurt'ring breast the patriot caught
The love of virtue, and the love of fame.

JERNINGHAM.

TRUST IN GOD

O THOU great Arbiter of life and death !
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !

Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior; and, in rank, beneath
 The dust I tread on; high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence; and couldst know
 No motive but my bliss, and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing! with the patriarch's joy
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown:
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust:
 Or life or death is equal; neither weighs;
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

YOUNG.

ON MEMORY

HAIL Mem'ry, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
 From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
 Thought and her shad'wy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Pow'r,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

* * * * *

O'er the still lake the bell of ev'ning toll'd,
 And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold;

And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd ;
 When, hark ! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.
 It ceas'd — yet still in Florio's fancy sung,
 Still on each note his captive spirit hung ;
 Till o'er the mead a cool, sequester'd grot
 From it's rich roof a sparry lustre shot.
 A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,
 And on the front these simple lines it bore :

" Hence away, nor dare intrude !
 In this secret, shad'wy cell
 Musing Mem'ry loves to dwell,
 With her sister Solitude.
 Far from the busy world she flies,
 To taste that peace the world denies.
 Entranc'd she sits ; from youth to age,
 Reviewing Life's eventful page ;
 And noting, ere they fade away,
 The little lines of yesterday."

* * * * *

Ah ! why should Virtue dread the frowns of
 Fate ?

Hers what no wealth can win, no pow'r create !
 A little world of clear and cloudless day,
 Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay ;
 A world, with Mem'ry's ceaseless sunshine blest,
 The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

ROCKS.

COMING OF THE MESSIAH.

THE Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.

Poet.

OBJECTS OF PRAYER.

SAY, where shall hope and fear their objects find ?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain,
 Which Heav'n may hear ; nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice ;
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of Sacred Presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

JOHNSON.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF LIFE.

IF you would live, I do not merely say as long, but as much, as possible, cultivate the sensibilities, enter upon the exercises, of generous and energetic virtue. Virtue adds to man a new sense ; it is necessary to complete the proper number of inlets of pleasure, of organs of enjoyment, that belong to his nature. To be destitute of it is to possess a maimed and defective life. You pity the blind ; they cannot enjoy the beauties of nature : you pity the deaf ; they cannot admit entertainment from the sound of society, from the voice of music : pity, for the same reason, the selfish ; they cannot " rejoice with them that rejoice : " most sad and mournful defect !—happiess, " at one entrance," and that the widest of all, " quite shut out ! " You commiserate the sick and the lame, whose days are passed in the chamber or in the chair ; they cannot walk whither they would ; they do but breathe, you say, they do not live ; they are buried in confinement ; they differ from the dead but in beholding the grave in which they are detained. Compassionate also them, whose affections are shut up in their own little affairs, and are incapable of roving, with delightful enlargement,

over the many scenes of happiness, which the creation, in the present stage of it's progress, exhibits; and of expatiating in the grand, the unspeakably spacious contemplation of that general welfare, which religion teaches us to expect, that the providence of God will ultimately produce.

"Let us eat and drink," says the libertine, "for to morrow we die." I urge the same consideration in favour of a virtuous life. Let us make the most of our little life, by leading it as it ought to be led. Let us press down into so small a measure as much happiness as it can contain, by compressing into it as much goodness as it will hold. Let us give to the joys, that have so short a time to flow, as brisk and sprightly a current as we can, by cultivating that virtue, which constitutes the vigour of nature, and the vivacity of life.

Of those, who lead an eminently virtuous life, when their breath departs, the idea long remains behind them, in the remembrance of the good. "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." Putrefaction preys at once upon their bodies, and upon their names. As their relics dissolve into dust, in the chamber of the grave, their remembrance is reduced to ashes, in the bosom of mankind. Those, who were not loved while living, are neither lamented, nor missed, when dead. The amiable and excellent, on the contrary, when they cease to be, continue to exist in the memory of those, among whom their little life was passed.

I have represented the fleeting nature of mortal man; his speedy departure out of the world, and his complete expunction from it, when he has left it. The Scriptures describe him as fleeing away as a shadow; an unsubstantial image, a nothing, that soon leaves it's place, and leaves no proof behind it of it's having been there. This is a

strictly faithful, a literally honest and unpoetical picture of the majority of mankind. While they are, their being is insignificant to society ; and, when they are no more, it is not remembered that they ever were. They leave no impression of their figure upon the station which they quit. There is no stamp of their ever having stood there. No mark, no monument of their departed image remains. While they occupy their place, they are merely appearances. The sphere to which they belong is unfilled ; the post where they stand is vacancy and emptiness. There is nothing there : there is the apparition of a member of society ; but the substance is not there. It is only a shadow that stands before mankind ; a phantom, that appears to the eye, without imparting any influence ; a ghost, that glides unfelt through the Earth, and then vanishes away. Of the majority of mankind, such is the description. Their biographer has only to say of them, that on a day they were born, and on a day they died. All that remains to be recorded, in the interim, is, that they received, and returned the air of Heaven ; they closed, and they opened their eyes upon the light of day ; they felt, and they satisfied the wants of nature or of art ; so many suns arose, and went down upon them ; so many summers bloomed, and faded before their eyes ; so many winters scattered the hoar frost upon their path, and then their senses were sealed for ever. No wonder, when such men depart, that, along with them, their idea dies, and that their extinction is entire. From this total mortality, which the majority undergo, the instant their bodies are deposited out of the sight of survivors, those, who diligently discharge the duties of life, are favoured with a longer respite. Their generous activity, when their power of acting is over, whether the period of it be long or short, gives a longevity to their image, in the mind of them before whom, or to-

wards whom, their virtue was displayed, proportioned to the degree of that virtue, and to the durability of the benefits it has communicated.

Such are not the shadows, that others are ; there is substance and body in their being ; they are felt, as well as seen, by their fellow creatures ; they make an impression upon the place in society which they occupy ; they are not airy images, and unreal mockeries of the eye that looks for men ; there is solidity, as well as outline in them ; they not only look like men, but are what they seem ; they not only " go for men in the catalogue " of the naturalist, they are men upon the list of Reason, and of Heaven. When such men quit the world, their memory makes a little longer stay in it ; their names do not tread upon the heel of their breath : they are long before they follow it. When such men fall, contiguous society shakes around them ; the hearts of others sink along with the final failure of theirs ; and, when the grave covers them from the gaze of gratitude, it cannot close over their loved idea. To this, long life and length of days are added, in affectionate Memory's mental land of fair and cherished shades.

FAUCETT.

QUALITIES REQUISITE IN A WIFE.

TASTES, manners, and opinions, being things not original but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense and good temper. Possessed of these, a wife, who loves her husband, will fashion herself in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination ; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life : they form the basis on which

the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised. As both are absolutely essential, it is needless to inquire which is so in the highest degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together, than separate; for the just and reasonable estimation of things, which true good sense inspires, almost necessarily produces that equanimity and moderation of spirit, in which good temper properly consists. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtless good nature, which is not unfrequently coupled with weakness of understanding; but, having no power of self-direction, it's operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting solid felicity. When, however, this easy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life. But no man ever married a fool without severely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, and especially of parental control, she will give a perpetual heartach to a considerate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with instances of considerable powers of the understanding, combined with waywardness of temper, sufficient to destroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is sometimes joined with wit, haughtiness and caprice with talents, sourness and suspicion with sagacity, and cold reserve with judgment. But all these being in themselves unamiable qualities, it is less necessary to guard against the possessors of them. They generally render even beauty *unattractive*; and no charm but that of fortune is able

to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domestic felicity, you have probably already seen enough of the matrimonial state to judge.

Many of the qualities, which fit a woman for a companion, also adapt her for the office of a helper; but many additional ones are requisite. The original purpose for which this sex was created is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a help-mate; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife, which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship. Be assured, however, that, as an office for life, it's importance stands extremely high to one whose situation does not place him above the want of such aid; and fitness for it should make a leading consideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domestic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true state of things, which will show that a large part of it must arise from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences. A clean and quiet fire side, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accomodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness—all these things compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was intended to afford us; and, without them, no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as professional to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to select one for that station, who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, is as absurd, as it would be to choose for your lawyer or physician a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or physic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good will are not the only requisites for the office of a helper. It demands a

certain energy both of body and mind, which is less frequently met with among the females of the present age than might be wished. How much soever infirm and delicate health may interest the feelings, it is certainly an undesirable attendant on a connexion for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a help-mate, than a condition, which constantly requires that assistance which it never can impart.

DR. AIKIN.

THE COUNTRY FAVOURABLE TO HEALTH.

YE, who amid this feverish world would wear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
 Fly the rank city, shun it's turbid air;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
 Exhal'd, to sully Heav'n's transparent dome
 With dim mortality. It is not air,
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dughills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature; when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements:
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.

* * * * *

While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze,
 That fans the ever undulating sky;
 A kindly sky! whose fostering pow'r regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.

ARMSTRONG.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life, and Author of my days !
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name, to harps of seraphs sung :
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works, thro' all their parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul :
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide.
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace ;
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And Earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of Earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd ;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;

He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
Still ev'ry wish, that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
O! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart — Beware !
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And, doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.
I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky ;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree :
In ev'ry leaf, that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy, crowded cities talk ;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r ;
In each event thy providence adore :

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And Earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

BOOK III.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

THE JUDGMENT OF RHADAMANTHUS.

I WAS yesterday comparing the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that, notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business, to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest; they are always at work or asleep: in short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our nature, are filled with complaints—that the day hangs heavy on them, that they do not know what to do with themselves, that they are at a loss how to pass away their time, with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, beside the business of their callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of

useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which, in all probability, produced the following dream :

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium : I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not as yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer : he then interrogated each of them separately. "Madam," says he to the first of them, "you have been upon the Earth about fifty years, what have you been doing there all this while?" "Doing," says she, "really I don't know what I have been doing; I desire I may have time given me to recollect." After about half an hour's pause, she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand to take her into custody. "And you, madam," says the judge, "that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year; what have you been doing all this while?" "I had a great deal of business on my hands," says she, "being taken up the first twelve years of my life

in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances." "Very well," says he, "you have employed your time to good purpose.—Away with her." The next was a plain, country woman: "Well, mistress," says Rhadamanthus, "and what have you been doing?" "An't please your worship," says she, "I did not live quite forty years; and, in that time, brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence; and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country." Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. "And you, fair lady," says he, "what have you been doing these five and thirty years?" "I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir," said she. "That is well," says he; "but what good have you been doing?" The lady was in great confusion at this question, and, not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her to Erebus; but Rhadamanthus, observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a reexamination, when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? "Truly," says she, "I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world; and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past almost all my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages." "Very well," says Rhadamanthus; "but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?" "Why, truly," says she, "I was so taken up

with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own." "Madam," says Rhadamanthus, "be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you.—Old gentlewoman," says he, "I think you are fourscore? you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world?" "Ah, sir," says she, "I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end." "Madam," says he, "you will please to follow your leader;" and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, "I have been the wife of a husband, who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good; my eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him; I lived within my income, and left my family much more wealthy than I found it." Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her: he no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that, pressing through the crowd, she was the next who appeared at the bar, and being asked, "what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world?" "I have endeavoured," says she, "ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and to gain admirers: in order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off

my tucker, sinking my stays—" Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person was lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females, that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing: I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and, withal, was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth; but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awaked me.

ADDISON.

VISION OF THEODORE.

SON of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, who, in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat, left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the Earth, and a gazer at the sky: I trafficked, and heaped wealth together; I loved, and was favoured; I wore the robe of honour, and heard the musick of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where real wants might be easily supplied, and where I might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits, and herbs, and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which, I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander farther than the necessity of procuring sustenance re-

quired; but as I stood one day beholding the rock, that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it; and, when I was on it's top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next; till, by degrees, I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself. I was often afraid, that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement arose from some earthly passion, and that my ardour to survey the works of nature was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the scenes of life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state, but found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach, and at last began to question whether it was not laziness rather than caution, that restrained me from climbing to the summit of Teneriffe.

I rose, therefore, before the day, and begun my journey up the steep of the mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burdened with provision, when the day began to shine upon me; the declivities grew more precipitous, and the sand slided from beneath my feet; at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain, almost inclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest awhile, in full persuasion, that, when I had recovered my strength, I should proceed on my design; but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted odours to my bosom.

As I sat thus, forming alternately excuses for delay, and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surprised me; I laid my head upon the bank, and resigned

myself to sleep: when methought I heard the sound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity, "Theodore, whither art thou going?" "I am climbing," answered I, "to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature." "Attend first," said he, "to the prospect which this place affords, and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings, who watch over the children of the dust, to preserve them from those evils, which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themselves. Look round, therefore, without fear; observe, contemplate, and be instructed."

Encouraged by this assurance, I looked, and beheld a mountain higher than Teneriffe, to the summit of which the human eye could never reach: when I had tired myself with gazing upon it's height, I turned my eyes toward it's foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused; above were tracks inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, "Theodore, be not affrighted, but raise thine eyes again; the Mountain of Existence is before thee, survey it, and be wise."

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be a gentle rise, and overspread with flowers; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracts, which my eye could reach nearest the top, were generally barren; *but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy*

evergreens, which, though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the steps of those, who were clambering among them.

Then, beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed, at a great distance, a multitude of both sexes, issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern but, as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over solicitous to confine them to any settled place or certain track; for she knew, that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, Innocence, so was she called, would smile at the mistake. Happy, said I, are they, who are under so gentle a government, and yet are safe. But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found, that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those, whom she abandoned, scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of Education, a nymph more severe in her aspect and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and such as Education could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them cautions to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another at every step, that a Habit was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit before they perceived their danger; and that those, whom Habit should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and to clear a smooth way before her follower. I found, that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were surrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into subjection by such feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder: and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I, myself, think her cautions so necessary, as her frequent inculcations seemed to suppose, till I observed, that each of these petty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those, whom she found within her power. Yet these Habits, under the eye of Education, went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in bulk or strength; for though they were always willing to join with Appetite, yet, when Education kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads, in which they were confined, easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a

stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions: nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly in the road of Education, it might, however, be perceived that they grew; but, if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their stature soon became gigantick; and their strength was such, that Education pointed out to her tribe many, that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority to the strongest Habit, and some seemed in secret to regret, that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit, not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those, whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions; which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that, while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn; and when, by continual additions, they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates, or governing nations, and yet watched the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed, if ever she suffered her regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly showed that she claimed it as due; and, indeed, so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence ~~must~~ not behold her.

"Theodore," said my protector, "be fearless, and be wise; approach these powers, whose dominion extends to all the remaining part of the Mountain of Existence." I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, though piercing and awful, I was yet able to sustain. "Bright Power," said I, "by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what condition thy protection will be granted?" "It will be granted," said she, "only to obedience. I am Reason, of all subordinate beings the noblest and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will reward thee like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee to Religion."

Charmed by her voice and aspect, I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When Education delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection, which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those, who felt in themselves no want of instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing, that they should be no longer subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction only of Reason, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence to all her precepts. Reason counselled them, at their first entrance upon her province, to inlist themselves among the votaries of Religion; and informed them, that, if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and *who, having been seized by Habits, in the regions of Desire,*

had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair. Her admonition was vain, the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superintendency they should climb with safety up the Mountain of Existence. "My power," said Reason, "is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path seems now plain and even, but there are asperities and pitfalls, over which Religion only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you perceive a mist before you, settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain; a mist, by which my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the temples of Happiness, in which those, who climb the precipice by her direction, after the toil of their pilgrimage, repose for ever. I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. Pride has sometimes reproached me with the narrowness of my view, but, when she endeavoured to extend it, could only show me, below the mist, the bowers of Content; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them; and those, whom she persuaded to travel toward them, were inclined by Habits, and engulfed by Despair, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond the darkness on the right side and on the left, from whose prisons none can escape, and whom I cannot teach you to avoid."

Such was the declaration of Reason to those who demanded her protection. Some, that recollected the dictates of Education, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of Religion, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects, which at every step courted their attention.

All those, who determined to follow either Reason or

Religion, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by Passions, and sometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, those of the Passions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Passions marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of Reason and Religion; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they entirely changed their course. Appetite drew aside the dull, and Passion the sprightly. Of the Appetites, Lust was the strongest; and of the Passions, Vanity. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a Passion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reason was best followed, when a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

These seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of Reason, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aside for a time, Religion commonly recalled them by her emissary Conscience, before Habit had time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey Reason, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support Passion; and, if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interposed.

I soon found, that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit; every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty, when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conscience, unless they had given time to Habit to

draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of these the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conscience, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of Habit: saw Religion walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, withheld by Habit, and languished in sordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident, that the Habits were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that, if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk, and increased their strength; and a Habit, opposed and victorious, was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those, who were weary of their tyranny, endeavoured to escape from them, appeared, by the event, to be generally wrong: they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but, before the deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive; nor did any escape her but those, who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and, even of these, many, rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power, from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some, however, there always were, who, when they found Habit prevailing over them, called upon Reason or Religion for assistance: each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant, but neither with the same strength, nor the same success. Habit, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with Reason, and offer to loose some of her chains, if the rest might remain.

To this, Reason, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by Habit to his former slavery. Religion never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest ; and, if the captive to whom she gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the Temple of Happiness, where Reason never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power, to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happiness, I saw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength and without activity ; but when the Passions or Appetites, which had before seduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a sudden start into size, and, with unexpected violence, push him towards them. The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happiness, to which, after his second deviation from it, he rarely returned : but, by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which she could not overcome ; and, as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to Happiness.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared cheerful and satisfied ; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some, who had never deviated but by short excursions, had Habit in the middle of their passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off their Appetites and

Passions, which attempted to interrupt their progress. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from Habit : and that they, whose Habits were strong, advanced toward the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence ; after which, they were seen only by the eye of Religion ; and, though Reason looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but Religion saw that they were happy.

" Now, Theodore," said my protector, " withdraw thy view from the regions of obscurity, and see the fate of those, who, when they were dismissed by Education, would admit no direction but that of Reason. Survey their wanderings, and be wise."

I looked then upon the road of Reason, which was, indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of Religion, nor had Reason discovered it but by her instruction. Yet, when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right ; and Pride had sometimes incited her to declare, that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to Religion : whom, after many vain experiments, she found it her highest privilege to follow. Reason was, however, at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by Passion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When Passion seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted opposition : she seemed, indeed, to contend with more vigour against Appetite, but was generally overwearied in the contest ; and, if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her autho-

rity was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape ; but, in seizing the unhappy followers of Reason, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those, who forsook the directions of Reason, some were led aside by the whispers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to stately palaces, situate on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them : they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell, and were seen no more. Those that escaped, were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enlisted by her in the service of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold, till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of Despair.

Others were enticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed, that the Habits, which hovered about these, soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulfs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them ; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities, as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment ; neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats ; and Habit had so absolute a power, that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, *would not have been able to force an entrance.*

There were others, whose crime it was, rather to neglect

Reason than to disobey her ; and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the road of Reason, always wishing for her presence, and always resolving to return to morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the subtlety of Habit, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandered on from one double of the labyrinth to another, with the chains of Habit hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter : they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return ; and had this aggravation, above all others, that they were criminal, but not delighted. The drunkard, for a time, laughed over his wine ; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival ; but the captives of Indolence had neither superiority nor merriment. Discontent lowered in their looks, and Sadness hovered round their shades ; yet they crawled on, reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of Indolence terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy : the chains of Habit are rivetted for ever : and Melancholy, having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him, at last, to the cruelty of Despair.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me, " Remember, Theodore, and be wise, and let not Habit prevail against thee." I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe ; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

DR. JOHNSON.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations, which afterward astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal : that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent ; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his governante to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit ; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was

dressed in a clean, white bed-gown ; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr.—— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the lady's being sensible of their entering it. "Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone. She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow ; and, when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed it's expression. It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words ; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the governante ; "if he could possibly be moved any where." "If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the governante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of it's use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him : in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman, of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed ; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy

journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity ; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr.——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His governante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgiving, which they put up on his recovery : for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. “ My master,” said the old woman, “ alas ! he is not a Christian ; but he is the best of unbelievers.” “ Not a Christian ! ” exclaimed mademoiselle La Roche, “ yet he saved my father ! Heaven bless him for it ; I would he were a Christian ! ” “ There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,” said her father, “ which often blinds men to the sublime truths of Revelation ; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former ; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.” “ But Mr.——,” said his daughter, “ alas ! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.” She was interrupted by the arrival of the landlord—he took her hand with an air of kindness—she drew it away from him in silence ; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. “ I have been thanking God,” said the good La Roche, “ for my recovery.” “ That is right,” replied his landlord. “ I would not wish,” continued the old man, hesitatingly, “ to think otherwise ; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a conti-

uation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ——'s hand); but, when I look upon this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror." "You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme, that struck me to day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved the landlord, not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him; their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings, hatred never dwelt in them.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was *equally undeceived*.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situate in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where Nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood, that covered its sides; below it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent: his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and, having wiped off a tear, that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects, which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house, to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence: it was too delicate for *their handling*; but La Roche took it in good part. "V.

"has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks toward him at the sound: he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us: if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books, that may afford you some entertainment within." "By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend *ma'moiselle* at her devotions." "She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside; and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician; but he was not altogether insensible to music. This fastened on his mind more strongly from it's beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from Holy Writ: it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a

hand less firm ; it paused ; it ceased ; and the sobbing of ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke ; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being, whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man ; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory ; and his guest was averse from disputation : their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either ; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his from the fulness of a heart impressed with it's force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast ; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. " Our Father, which art in Heaven ! " might the good man say, for he felt it ; and all mankind were his brethren.

" You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. ———, " when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings ; it is a department of soul, you say, which Nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion ? Trust me, I feel it in the same way ; an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world ; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of re-

eiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess ; and, when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man, I know, is but a worm ; yet, methinks, I am then allied to God !” It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

It was with regret he left a society, in which he found himself so happy ; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence ; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva. The promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or of his enemies : when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered, as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ——’s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices ; and, as a friend, whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the

approaching nuptials of *ma'moiselle La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments, which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event, and determined to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche's* dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along, as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making inquiry, who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered,

"Then you knew not mademoiselle, sir!—you never beheld a lovelier—" "La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply. "Alas! it was she indeed!" The appearance of surprise and grief, which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. ———; "I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with mademoiselle La Roche."—"Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?—where is her father?"—"She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe. The young gentleman, to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us, as a Christian should; he is even so composed, as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions. Follow me, sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being, whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strongly on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and Nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they, La Roche arose; "Father of Mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends; it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good; but

in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is ! Well said the sacred book, ‘ Trust in the Lord ; at all times trust in the Lord.’ When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up; let us then seek those living waters, which flow from the throne of God. It is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use ; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends; I cannot, I cannot if I would.” His tears flowed afresh. “ I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings ; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard ; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you ; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears ; not from speculation, but from experience, that, while you see me suffer, you may know my consolation.

“ You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years ! Such a child too ! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues ; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted toward myself. Not many days ago, you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy : ye, who are parents, will judge of my felicity then ; ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look toward him who struck me ; I see the hand of a father, amid the chastening of my God. Oh ! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows ; to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power waits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict : for we are not as those, who die without hope, we

know that our Redeemer liveth ; that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me ; I have not lost my child : but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are all my children. Would ye that I should grieve without comfort ? So live as she lived, that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end be like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche : his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man dried up his at the altar of the Lord ; his countenance had lost it's sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope. Mr. ——— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past : at the sight of him, the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind. La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected. They went together in silence into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open, La Roche started back at the sight,—" Oh ! my friend !" said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself ; he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and, taking his friend's hand, " You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity, but my comfort is not therefore lost."—" I heard you," said the other, " in the pulpit ; I rejoice that such consolation is yours."—" It is, my friend," said he, " and I trust I shall ever hold it fast ; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken it's force ; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction." MIRROR.

THE FOLLY OF DISPUTING UPON TRIFLES.

ONE morning, Griselda and her husband were present, while Emma was busy, showing some poor children how to plait straws for hats.

"Next summer," my dear, "when we are settled at home, I hope you will encourage some manufacture of this kind among the children of our tenants," said Mr. Bolingbroke to his lady.

"I have no genius for teaching manufactures of this sort," replied Mrs. Bolingbroke, scornfully.

Her husband urged the matter no farther. A few minutes afterward, he drew out a straw from a bundle, which one of the children held.

"This is a fine straw," said he, carelessly.

"Fine straw!" cried Mrs. Bolingbroke: "no, that is very coarse. This," continued she, pulling one from another bundle, "this is a fine straw, if you please."

"I think mine is the finest," said Mr. Bolingbroke.

"Then you must be blind, Mr Bolingbroke," cried the lady, eagerly comparing them.

"Well, my dear," said he, laughing, "we will not dispute about straws."

"No indeed," said she, "but I observe, whenever you know you are in the wrong. Mr. Bolingbroke, you say *we will not dispute, my dear*: now pray look at these straws, Mrs. Granby, you that have eyes, which is the finest?"

"I will draw lots," said Emma, taking one playfully from Mrs. Bolingbroke; "for it seems to me, that there is little or no difference between them."

"No difference? O my dear Emma!" said Mrs. Bolingbroke.

"My dear Griselda," cried her husband, taking the other straw from her, and blowing it away, "indeed it is not worth disputing about: this is too childish."

"Childish?" repeated she, looking after the straw, as it floated down the wind; "I see nothing childish in being in the right: your raising your voice in that manner never convinces me. Jupiter is always in the wrong, you know, when he has recourse to his thunder."

"Thunder! my dear Griselda! about a straw; well! when women are determined to dispute, it is wonderful how ingenious they are in finding subjects. I give you joy, my dear, of having attained the perfection of the art: you can now literally dispute about straws."

MISS EDGEWORTH.

COMPARISON OF WATCHES.

WHEN Griselda thought that her husband had long enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was danger of his forgetting the taste of sorrow, she changed her tone. One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute, she received him with a frown; such as would have made even Mars himself recoil, if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.

"Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear."

"I am very sorry for it: but why did you wait, my dear? I am really very sorry I am so late, but (looking at his watch) it is only half past six by me."

"It is seven by me."

They presented their watches to each other, he, in an apologetical, she, in a reproachful attitude.

"I rather think you are too fast, my dear," said the gentleman.

"I am very sure you are too slow, my dear," said the lady.

"My watch never loses a minute in the four and twenty hours," said he.

"Nor mine a second," said she.

"I have reason to believe I am right, my love," said the husband, mildly.

"Reason!" exclaimed the wife, astonished.

"What reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you, I am morally certain you are wrong, my love."

"My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to day."

"The sun must be wrong, then," cried the lady, hastily—

"You need not laugh; for I know what I am saying—the variation, the declination, must be allowed for in computing it with the clock. Now you know perfectly well what I mean, though you will not explain it for me, because you are conscious I am in the right."

"Well, my dear, if *you* are conscious of it, that is sufficient—We will not dispute any more about such a trifle."

"Are they bringing up dinner?"

"If they know that you are come in; but I am sure I cannot tell whether they do or not—Pray my dear Mrs. Nettleby," cried the lady, turning to a female friend, and still holding her watch in hand—"What o'clock is it by you? There is nobody in the world hates disputing about trifles so much as I do, but I own I do love to convince people that I am in the right."

Mrs. Nettleby's watch had stopped—How provoking! Vexed at having no immediate means of convincing people that she was in the right, our heroine consoled herself by proceeding to criminate her husband, not in this particular instance, where he pleaded guilty, but upon the general charge of being always late for dinner, which he strenuously denied.

There is something in the species of reproach, which advances thus triumphantly from particulars to generals, peculiarly offensive to every reasonable and susceptible mind; and there is something in the general charge of

being always late for dinner, which the punctuality of man's nature cannot easily endure, especially if he be hungry. We should humbly advise our female friends to forbear exposing a husband's patience to this trial, or at least to temper it with much fondness, else mischief will infallibly ensue.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

A PARTY OF PLEASURE.

SIR, I am a young gentleman, at my own disposal, with a considerable estate; and, having passed through the common forms of education, spent some time in foreign countries, and made myself distinguished since my return in the polite company, I am now arrived at that part of life, in which every man is expected to settle, and provide for the continuation of his lineage. I withstood, for some time, the solicitations and remonstrances of my aunts and uncles, but at last was persuaded to visit Anthea, an heiress, whose land lies contiguous to mine, and whose birth and beauty are without objection. Our friends declared, that we were born for each other; all those on both sides, who had no interest in hindering our union, contributed to promote it, and were conspiring to hurry us into matrimony, before we had an opportunity of knowing one another. I was, however, too old to be given away without my own consent; and having happened to pick up an opinion, which to many of my relations seemed extremely odd, that a man might be unhappy with a large estate, determined to obtain a nearer knowledge of the person, with whom I was to pass the remainder of my time. To protract the courtship was by no means difficult, for Anthea had a wonderful facility of evading questions, which I seldom repeated, and of barring approaches, which I had no great eagerness to press.

Thus the time passed away, in visits and civilities with-

out any ardent professions of love, or formal offers of settlements. I often attended her to public places, in which, as is well known, all behaviour is so much regulated by custom, that very little insight can be gained into the private character, and, therefore, I was not yet able to inform myself of her humour and inclinations.

At last, I ventured to propose to her to make one of a small party, and spend a day in viewing a seat and gardens a few miles distant; and having, upon her compliance, collected the rest of the company, I brought, at the hour, a coach, which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myself, till I should have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whose use it was intended. Anthea came down, but, as she was going to step into the coach, started back with great appearance of terror, and told us, that she durst not enter, for the shocking colour of the lining had so much the air of the mourning coach, in which she followed her aunt's funeral three years before, that she should never have her poor dear aunt out of her head.

I knew, that it was not for lovers to argue with their mistresses; I, therefore, sent back the coach, and got another more gay. Into this we all entered, the coachman began to drive, and we were amusing ourselves with the expectation of what we should see, when, upon a small inclination of the carriage, Anthea screamed out, that we were overthrown. We were obliged to fix all our attention upon her, which she took care to keep up by renewing her outcries at every corner where we had occasion to turn: at intervals she entertained us with fretful complaints of the uneasiness of the coach, and obliged me to call several times on the coachman to take care and drive without jolting. The poor fellow endeavoured to please us, and, therefore, moved very slowly, till Anthea found out that this pace would only keep us longer on the stones,

and desired, that I would order him to make more speed. He whipped his horses, the coach jolted again, and Anthea very complaisantly told us, how much she repented that she made one of our company.

At last we got into the smooth road, and began to think our difficulties at an end, when, on a sudden, Anthea saw a brook before us, which she could not venture to pass. We were, therefore, obliged to alight, that we might walk over the bridge; but, when we came to it, we found it so narrow, that Anthea durst not set her foot upon it, and was content, after long consultation, to call the coach back, and, with innumerable precautions, terrors, and lamentations, crossed the brook.

It was necessary, after this delay, to amend our pace, and directions were accordingly given to the coachman, when Anthea informed us, that it was common for the axle to catch fire with a quick motion, and begged of me to look out every minute, lest we should all be consumed. I was forced to obey, and give her, from time to time, the most solemn declarations, that all was safe, and that I hoped we should reach the place without losing our lives either by fire or water.

Thus we passed on, over ways soft and hard, with more or less speed, but always with new vicissitudes of anxiety. If the ground was hard, we were jolted; if soft, we were sinking. If we went fast, we should be overturned; if slowly, we should never reach the place. At length she saw something which she called a cloud, and began to consider, that at that time of the year it frequently thundered. This seemed to be the capital terror, for after that the coach was suffered to move on; and no danger was thought too dreadful to be encountered, provided she could get into a house before the thunder.

Thus our whole conversation passed in dangers, and

cares, and fears, and consolations, and stories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to spend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt with lightning; and no sooner had a hair breadth escape set us free from one calamity, but we were threatened with another.

At length we reached the house where we intended to regale ourselves, and I proposed to Anthea the choice of a great number of dishes, which the place, being well provided for entertainment, happened to afford. She made some objection to every thing that was offered; one thing she hated at that time of the year, another she could not bear since she had seen it spoiled at lady Feedwell's table, another she was sure they could not dress at this house, and another she could not touch without French sauce. At last she fixed her mind upon salmon, but there was no salmon in the house. It was, however, procured with great expedition, and when it came to the table she found, that her fright had taken away her stomach, which, indeed, she thought no great loss, for she could never believe, that any thing at an inn could be cleanly got.

Dinner was now over, and the company proposed—for I was now past the condition of making overtures—that we should pursue our original design of visiting the gardens. Anthea declared, that she could not imagine what pleasure we expected from the sight of a few green trees, and a little gravel, and two or three pits of clear water; that, for her part, she hated walking till the cool of the evening, and thought it very likely to rain; and again wished that she had staid at home. We then reconciled ourselves to our disappointment, and began to talk on common subjects, when Anthea told us, that since we came to see gardens, she would not hinder our satisfaction. We all rose, and walked through the enclosures for some time, with no other trouble than the necessity of watching lest a frog should

hop across the way, which, Anthea told us, would certainly kill her, if she should happen to see him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we were within a furlong of the gardens, Anthea saw some sheep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which she was certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and, therefore, no assurances nor entreaties should prevail upon her to go a step farther; she was sorry to disappoint the company, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn, and Anthea now discovered, that there was no time to be lost in returning; for the night would come upon us, and a thousand misfortunes might happen in the dark. The horses were immediately harnessed, and Anthea, having wondered what could seduce her to stay so long, was eager to set out. But we had now a new scene of terrour; every man we saw was a robber, and we were ordered sometimes to drive hard, lest a traveller, whom we saw behind, should overtake us; and sometimes to stop, lest we should come up to him, who was passing before us. She alarmed many an honest man, by begging him to spare her life as he passed by the coach, and drew me into fifteen quarrels with persons, who increased her fright, by kindly stopping to inquire whether they could assist us. At last we came home, and she told her company next day, what a pleasant ride she had been taking.

I suppose, sir, I need not inquire of you what deductions may be made from this narrative, nor what happiness can arise from the society of that woman, who mistakes cowardice for elegance, and imagines all delicacy to consist in refusing to be pleased.

RAMBLER.

STORY OF FLAVILLA.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such

circumstances as disappointed all the hopes, which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house, in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But, notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and, though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed: yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere, to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an ad-

vantageous marriage. Thus the vision, that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered : and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed : and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less : and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast ; and among other gay visitants, who frequented her tea table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope, that she should obtain him for a husband : but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind : but, whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission of extravagant praise,

entreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project, Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having therefore resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, "That he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty, there could be no happiness; that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty; that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure, but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united; that this event was less probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect

upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of reason and nature. After mature deliberation," said he, "remember, that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, though not with the guilt of a criminal, who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more."

Flavilla had too much understanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders, that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she showed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero, who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all, who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the playhouse by Mercator, a young gentleman, who had just returned from his first voyage as a captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than

hopes to inquire who she was ; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote, in the first ardour of his passion, to her mother ; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependance, and entreating, that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependant upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage, which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled ; that he ought, therefore, to obtain his father's consent before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements, which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address ; the frankness and gayety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger : a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other ; and, having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay : he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance,

id produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but, being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he included, with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that, of two evils, to marry without his consent was less than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went to it in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection, after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first to acquaint his father of the new alliance, which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and, after such an apology for his conduct, as he had been used to make to himself, he requested, that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express, than in the fashionable phrase, which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gayety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase; a resolution, by

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which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that "if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more." Mercator, who was more provoked at this outrage, than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and, believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester Fields, and in about two months left her, to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them, as a pledge of his desire, that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent, alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants were rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same

indiscreet familiarity : she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera ; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure, in short excursions from town ; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first, they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person, who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her, as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known ; but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence ; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messages and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, “ that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious ; she wished, that less occasion for scandal was given ; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders, which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to

avoid." This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of control, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct ; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint ; she answered, with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that " those only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character ; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril." Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined, when Mercator returned, to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous : and, after an absence of about ten months, he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give ; and, as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that " Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late ; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity ; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station."

At this account, Mercator changed countenance ; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emo-

tion, which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that " he had no reason to be alarmed ; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gayeties, which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized." Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed ; and he began to think he had found a confidant, whom it would be his interest to trust : he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, " that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve : he entreated, that he might continue in the apartment another year : that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence ; and that, at his return, she would give him such an account, as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct."

There is no sophistry more general than that, by which we justify a busy and scrupulous inquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched, without hope of redress ; and no service, to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship ; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be it's guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne ; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested ; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would, with the utmost fidelity, execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife ; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten.

Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but, being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears: but, when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of fondness to his bosom, and entreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may therefore confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune, as will prevent the pangs of separation, which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution, she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and, being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though it's birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered it's life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and, in this interval of languor and retirement, Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear, that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it

could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened, that some civilities, which she received from a lady, who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other inquiry concerning the lady, than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment, in which she was received, was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman, who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face, than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady, whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would nowhere have looked upon her with complacency; but, as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected, that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that

this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened, that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared, lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants: and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but, on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with a universal tremour. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight, that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and, having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately

He attempted to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hastening to inquire after his father; but, as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to inquire whether she had fulfilled his charge; but, perceiving by her looks, that she had something to communicate, which was, at least in her own opinion, of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance, which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it, to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused." This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still presented the freedom, which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance: and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation, Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden frenzy; but she, with great difficulty, prevailed upon

him not to leave the room. He sat down, and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned, that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented; he was received at least with civility by his brothers; and, sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story, which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will, which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle, believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness told him, that "the resentment, which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to

be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony ; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed, that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him ; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room, in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence ; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready : her impatience was increased ; terrour was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her : she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations, and this tender distress, she received a billet, which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her, in the strongest terms, with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed ; " of this," he said, " he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony, which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would

be possible to convince him of her innocence ; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings, in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce ; but, when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that, as soon as she had discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and entreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that, if possible, the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew ; but, after much entreaty and expostulation, at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla ; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and, in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet ; which was sealed, and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately enclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving, that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who, the moment he cast his eye upon the letter, knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words : —

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly entreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips, while they are yet sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected, with unutterable anguish, upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart : he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her ; and then, rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester Fields. But, notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late ; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body ; and, after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall

record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavia; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

ADVENTURER.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

LADY Charlotte Sprightly, the wife of a young baronet, was dressing for an assembly a few nights ago, when sir Harry came in. "My dear Charlotte," says he, "I am sorry that you are going out to night; for my cousin George is just arrived from the East Indies: I have invited him to sup; and, as he has never seen you, I promised him your company." "Nay, dear sir Harry," replied the lady, "do not ask me to stay at home to night; you know I am fond of dancing, and now my fancy is set upon going, I am sure you will not disappoint me." Sir Harry, who was truly good natured, would not urge her to stay; for to stay with apparent reluctance, would not have gratified his wish. She perceived, that he was secretly displeased; however, away she went. But, as she had not less good nature than sir Harry, she suffered so much pain by reflecting on the pain she had given him, that she often wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the esteem, which was due to that very good nature, by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

ADVENTURER.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

I HAVE frequently observed, that, among the noble actions and remarkable sayings of distinguished persons in either sex, those which have been most celebrated have not always been the most worthy of admiration; and I am

confirmed in this opinion, by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is grand daughter to that famous Arria, who animated her husband to meet death by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, not less heroical than this applauded action of hers, though less the subject of general renown; and which, I am persuaded, will raise her as much in your admiration as they did in mine. Her husband, Cæcinnæ Pætus, and her son, were each attacked at the same time with a dangerous illness, of which the son died. This youth, who had a most beautiful person and amiable behaviour, was not less endeared to his parents by his virtues, than by the ties of affection. His mother managed his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and, as often as he inquired concerning his health, she answered, he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and, having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes, and a serene countenance, as if she had dismissed every sentiment of sorrow at her entrance. Her resolution, no doubt, was truly noble, when, drawing the dagger, she plunged it into her breast, and then presented it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said that divine expression, "Pætus, it is not painful." It must, however, be considered, when she spoke and acted thus, she was encouraged and supported by the prospect of immortal glory. But was it not something much greater, without the aid of such animating motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully act the mother, when she was a mother no more?

Scribonianus had taken up arms in Illyria against Claudius, where, having lost his life, Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were

going to put him on board a ship, Arria besought the soldiers, that she might be permitted to attend him: "Certainly," said she, "you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few slaves to wait upon him; but, if you will take me, I alone will perform their office." Her request was refused; upon which she hired a small fishing-vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship. At her return to Rome, she met the wife of Scribonianus, in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all she knew of that insurrection, "What!" said she, "shall I regard thy advice, who sawest thy husband murdered even in thy very arms, and yet survivest him?" An expression, which evinces, that the glorious manner in which she put an end to her life, was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. When Thrasea, who married her daughter, was dissuading her from her purpose of destroying herself, and, among other arguments, said to her, "Would you, then, advise your daughter to die with me, if my life were to be taken from me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long, and in as much harmony with you, as I have with my Pætus." This answer greatly heightened the alarm of her family, and made them observe her for the future more narrowly; which, when she perceived, she assured them all their caution would be to no purpose. "You may oblige me," said she, "to execute my resolution in a way that will give me more pain, but it is impossible you should prevent it." She had scarce said this, when she sprang from her chair, and, running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, fell down, in appearance dead: but, being brought to herself, "I told you," said she, "if you would not suffer me to take an easy path to death, I should make my way to it through some more difficult passage." Now, is there not, my friend, something much greater in all this, than in the so much talked of "Pætus, it is not painful?" to which,

indeed, it seems to have led the way: and yet this last is the favourite topic of fame, while all the former are passed over in profound silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I observed in the beginning of my letter, that the noblest actions are not always the most celebrated.

MELMOTH'S PLINY.

PLINY TO HIS WIFE.

IT is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return;—such is the tenderness of my affection for you, and so unaccustomed am I to a separation! I lie awake the greatest part of the night in thinking of you, and (to use a very common, but very true expression) my feet carry me, of their own accord, to your apartment, at those hours I used to visit you; but, not finding you there, I return with as much sorrow and disappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermission my anxiety knows is when I am engaged at the bar, and in the causes of my friends. Judge, then, how wretched must *his* life be, who finds no repose but in business; no consolation but in a crowd. Farewell.

MELMOTH'S PLINY.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IN ancient times as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits went,
To a small village down in Kent;

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Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last !
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Call'd, in the neighbourhood, Philemon ;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night ;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire ;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely, from the fattest side,
Cut out large slices to be fried ;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, " What ar't ! "
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errand :
" Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said :
" No hurt shall come to you or yours :
But for that pack of churlish bores,

Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd ;
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
It's inclination for below :
In vain ; for a superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops it's course :
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower,
The flier, thought had leaden feet,
'Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still it's love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,

Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Mall,
Fair Rosamond, and Robinhood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter :
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead, of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style ;
Then said, " My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;
Make me the parson, if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels :

He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;
But, being old, continu'd just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smok'd his pipe and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for "right divine;"
Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors, — he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinner's edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
"Plain Goody," would no longer down,
'Twas "Madam," in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life,
Were sev'ral years this man and wife:
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk;

When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
" My dear, I see your forehead sprout ! " —
" Sprout ! " quoth the man ; " what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous !
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too —
Nay, — now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root,"
Description would but tire my muse,
In short, they both were turned to yews.
Old goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight ;
On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew ;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew :
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, died atop, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

SWIFT.

THE COUNTRY PARSON AND HIS WIFE.

DEAR SIR,

York, June the 14th, 1751.

THE reason that you have not heard from me for these last five weeks is, that the people where I have been have engrossed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear, that I have lived a complete month with our old friend the rector of South Green, and his honest wife.

You know with what compassion we used to think of

them; that a man, who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, should foolishly, and at an age when people generally grow wise, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should refuse the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parson to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt, from experience, that we have been pitying the happiest couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The parish of South Green is about seventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the most pleasing spot of ground in all Yorkshire. I should have first told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southcote might look upon with pleasure.

The house stands upon an eminence, within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit trees. The river, that almost surrounds this little spot, affords them fish at all seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn, with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard, well stocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-house, and dairy. At the end of the garden a drawbridge leads you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure for themselves; and in all my life I never ate better.

In the seven years of this retirement, they have no

planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with pasture ground enough for two horses and as many cows, and the rest arable. Every thing thrives under their hands.

The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the country, and within every one of them is a sand-walk between a double row of flowering shrubs, hardly ever out of blossom. The produce of these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm, and she the dairy; and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated to nothing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bed-chambers and a servant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the parish, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handiest girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself to advantage, but she loves her mistress so sincerely, that no temptation is strong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

In this sweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy six years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettiest little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the same softness of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves mischief; but, if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for an hour together. The husband and wife constantly go to bed at ten, and rise at six. The business of the day is commonly finished by dinner time; and all after is amusement and pleasure, without any set forms. They are almost worshipped by the parishioners, to whom the doctor is not only the spiritual director, but the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the steward, the

friend, and the cheerful companion. The best people in the country are fond of visiting them; they call it going to see the wonders of Yorkshire, and say, that they never eat so heartily as of the parson's bacon and greens.

I told you, at the beginning of this letter, that they were the happiest couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell you why they are so. In the first place, they love and are delighted with each other. A seven years' marriage, instead of lessening their affections, has increased them. They wish for nothing more than what their little income affords them; and even of that little they lay up. Our friend showed me his account of expenses, or rather his wife's account; by which it appears, that they have saved yearly from fifteen shillings to a guinea, exclusive of about the same sum, which they distribute among the poor, beside barley, wheat, and twenty other things. Their only article of luxury is tea; but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to their best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a present. Their constant drink is small beer and ale, both of which they brew in the highest perfection. Exercise and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good humour. All the strife between them is who shall please and oblige most. Their favourite amusement is reading: now and then, indeed, our friend scribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a short sermon, or a paper of verses in praise of his wife. Every birthday of the lady is constantly celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings, they are walking arm in arm, with their boy and girl, about their grounds; but how cheerful, how

happy ! is not to be told you. Their children are so much children as themselves. But though the one another even to dotage, their fondness never a before company. I never saw either of them so as playing with the other's hand—I mean only who have known I was within sight of them ; I have upon them unawares, indeed, and have been with such words and looks as have quite melted me.

With this couple, and in this retirement, I have my time since you heard from me. How happily not say : come and be a judge yourself ; they invite most heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It is no part of their happiness, that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world, who want minds to themselves as they do. It rather lessens than increases. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pounds and one another. They make no boast of themselves. They find fault with any body. They are sorry I am happy as they ; but are far from advising me to do what they have done. I left a bank note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, enclosed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me ; but it was returned me this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him ; but told me, I could be better among the poor. That his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of last month, and they found me only a few shillings in their debt. I did not think they were a thousand times overpaid for the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea, and a little of Hardham when I got to London.

I hope soon to see you, and to entertain you

Week with the particulars of the parson and his wife.
Till then, I am, &c.

WORLD.

THE RACE OF FASHION.

HAD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have so often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that simile greatly augmented : for if we observe the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we shall see, that their whole lives are one continued race ; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by all who are before him : every one is flying from his inferiors in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from him with equal alacrity.

Were not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman is a noble. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum* : we have no such thing as common people among us : between vanity and gin, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring, with the learning at charity schools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentlefolks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tidewaiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women ; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well educated daughters of deceased clergymen. Attorneys' clerks and city prentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the ta-

vern. The merchant leaves his counting house James's; and the country gentleman his own at those of the public, by which neither of them much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is im for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of qu dress, equipage, and expenses of every kind. nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge them into debt and dependence, to preserve their rank; are even there quickly overtaken by their unmet pursuers.

The same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us to ; tate our superiors, induces us also to be, or to pretend be, their inseparable companions; or, as the phrase is, keep the *best company*; by which is always to be und stood such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleasures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse, utterly destroyed. We choose not our companions for their wit or learning, their good humour or good sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the loadstone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals and his understanding at a gaming-house with the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equals: an every self-conceited girl, in fashionable life, chooses rather to endure the affected silence and insolent headach of my lady duchess for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is possible that some of my reader who have not had the honour of being admitted into th

bad company, should imagine, that among such there is the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the case; but that frequently, in such company, little is said, and less attended to; no disposition appears either to please others, or to be pleased themselves; but that, in the room of all the before mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past: in which the former have been perpetually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their resources for superior distinction; out of innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themselves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed perriwigs, and toupees; to high heads, and low heads, and no heads at all: trade has bestowed riches on the competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteelly on one side of Temple Bar, as on the other; and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grosvenor Square and Hill Street.

With as little success have operas, oratorios, ridottoes, and other expensive diversions been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expense; and, like



company are now in a very bad situation, yet I would save them despair, nor perpetually carry about the s of their defeat in their countenance, so visible in a wre of *fieri* and dejection. They have still one asy- left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth education, it is surprising they should not long since discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg to point it out; and it is this: that they once more to the long deserted fort of true British grandeur, princely seats and magnificent castles in their several tries; and there, arming themselves with religion and h, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid nce to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will undertake, that they shall not, even here, be followed me, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are nks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so ly disused from the exercise of those kinds of arms, and unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to premise, ill be very long before they can be overtaken or at- ed; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy r favourite singularity, unmolested, for half a century ome.

WORLD.

THE DOLPHIN OF HIPPO.

I HAVE met with a story, which, though it is au- ticated by undoubted evidence, has all the air of le, and would afford a very proper subject for the prise of your truly poetical and sublime genius. It elated to me, the other day, at table, where the ation happened to turn upon various kinds of linary events. The person who gave the account an of unsuspected veracity:—but what has a o with truth? However, you may see reason in his testimony, even though you not see

character of a nation disposed to support. There is in
Siberia a river called Enghel, situated not far from the
Pacifica. It issues upon a navigable lake, whence a
river runs into the main ocean, and eddies and flows with
the sea. Persons of all ages divert themselves here with
fishing, sailing, or swimming: especially boys, whom
love of play and adventure bring thither. The contest
among them as to who shall have the glory of swimming
furthest: and he that leaves the shore and his com-
panions in the greatest distance, gains the victory. It
happened in one of these trials of skill, that a certain boy,
more bold than the rest, launched out towards the oppo-
site shore. He was met by a dolphin, who sometimes
swam before him, and sometimes behind him, then
played round him, and at last took him upon his back,
then set him down, and afterward took him up again;
and thus he carried the poor frightened boy out into the
deepest part; when immediately he turns back again to
the shore, and lands him among his companions. The
fame of this remarkable event spread through the town,
and crowds of people flocked round the boy (whom
they viewed as a kind of prodigy), to ask him questions,
and hear him relate the story. The next day the shore
was lined with multitudes of spectators, all attentively
contemplating the ocean, and (what indeed is almost
itself an ocean) the lake. In the mean while, the boys
swam as usual, and, among the rest, the youth I am
speaking of went into the lake, but with more caution
than before. The dolphin again appeared, and came to
the boy, who, together with his companions, swam
away with the utmost precipitation. The dolphin, as
it were, to invite and recal them, leaped and dived up
and down, darting about in a thousand different con-
volutions. Tois he practised for several days together,
till the people (accustomed from their infancy to the

good company are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenance, so visible in a mixture of *ferté* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long deserted fort of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several countries; and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will not undertake, that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of those kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to premise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity, unmolested, for half a century to come.

WORLD.

THE DOLPHIN OF HIPPO.

I HAVE met with a story, which, though it is authenticated by undoubted evidence, has all the air of fable, and would afford a very proper subject for the exercise of your truly poetical and sublime genius. It was related to me, the other day, at table, where the conversation happened to turn upon various kinds of extraordinary events. The person who gave the account was a man of unsuspected veracity:—but what has a poet to do with truth? However, you might venture to rely upon his testimony, even though you had the

character of a faithful historian to support. There is in Africa a town called Hippo, situate not far from the seacoast: it stands upon a navigable lake, whence a river runs into the main ocean, and ebbs and flows with the sea. Persons of all ages divert themselves here with fishing, sailing, or swimming; especially boys, whom love of play and idleness bring thither. The contest among them is, who shall have the glory of swimming farthest; and he that leaves the shore and his companions at the greatest distance, gains the victory. It happened, in one of these trials of skill, that a certain boy, more bold than the rest, launched out towards the opposite shore. He was met by a dolphin, who sometimes swam before him, and sometimes behind him, then played round him, and at last took him upon his back, then set him down, and afterward took him up again; and thus he carried the poor frightened boy out into the deepest part; when immediately he turns back again to the shore, and lands him among his companions. The fame of this remarkable event spread through the town, and crowds of people flocked round the boy (whom they viewed as a kind of prodigy), to ask him questions, and hear him relate the story. The next day the shore was lined with multitudes of spectators, all attentively contemplating the ocean, and (what indeed is almost itself an ocean) the lake. In the mean while, the boys swam as usual, and, among the rest, the youth I am speaking of went into the lake, but with more caution than before. The dolphin again appeared, and came to the boy, who, together with his companions, swam away with the utmost precipitation. The dolphin, as it were, to invite and recal them, leaped and dived up and down, darting about in a thousand different convolutions. This he practised for several days together, till the people (accustomed from their infancy to the

sea) began to be ashamed of their timidity. They ventured, therefore, to advance nearer, playing with him, and calling him to them; while he, in return, suffered himself to be touched and stroked. Use rendered them more courageous: the boy, in particular, who first had experienced the safety, swam by the side of him, and, leaping upon his back, was carried about in that manner: thus they gradually became acquainted and delighted with each other. There seemed now, indeed, to be no fear on either side, the confidence of the one and tameness of the other mutually increasing: the rest of the boys, in the mean while, surrounding and encouraging their companion. It is very remarkable, that this dolphin was followed by a second, which seemed only as a spectator and attendant on the former; for he did not at all submit to the same familiarities as the first, but only conducted him backwards and forwards, as the boys did their comrade. But what is farther surprising, and no less true, than that which I have already related, is, this dolphin, who thus played with the boys, and carried them upon his back, would come upon the shore, dry himself in the sand, and, as soon as he grew warm, roll back into the sea. Octavius Avitus, deputy governor of the province, actuated by an absurd piece of superstition, poured some precious ointment over him as he lay on the shore; the novelty and smell of which made him retire into the ocean, and it was not till after several days that he was seen again, when he appeared dull and languid: however, he recovered his strength, and continued his usual playful tricks. All the magistrates round the country flocked hither to view this sight; the entertainment of whom, upon their arrival, and during their stay, was an additional expense, which the slender finances of this little community would ill afford; besides, that the quiet and retirement of the place was utterly destroyed. It was thought proper, therefore, to remove the occasion

of this concourse, by privately killing the poor dolphin. And now, with what a flow of tenderness will you describe this affecting catastrophe! and how will your genius adorn and improve the interesting story! Though, indeed, the subject does not require any fictitious embellishments; it will be sufficient to describe the fact in all its real circumstances. Farewell. MELMOTH'S PLINY.

AN ECONOMICAL PROJECT.

To the Authors of the Journal.

MESSIEURS,

Paris.

YOU often entertain us with accounts of new discoveries. Permit me to communicate to the public, through your paper, one, that has lately been made by myself, and which I conceive may be of great utility.

I was, the other evening, in a grand company, where the new lamp of Messrs. Quinquet and Lange was introduced, and much admired for its splendour; but a general inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded? in which case there would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in this point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen, if possible, the expense of lighting our apartments, when every other article of family expense was so much augmented.

I was pleased to see this general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly.

I went home, and to bed, three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental sudden noise waked me, about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find my room filled with light; and I imagined, at first, that a number of those lamps had been brought into it: but, rubbing my eyes, I perceived the

light came in at the windows. I got up, and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber, my domestic having negligently omitted, the preceding evening, to close the shutters.

I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and found that it was but six o'clock; and still thinking it something extraordinary, that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanack, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day. I looked forward too, and found he was to rise still earlier every day till toward the end of June; and that at no time in the year he retarded his rising so long as till eight o'clock. Your readers, who with me have never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, and seldom regard the astronomical part of the almanack, will be as much astonished as I was, when they hear of his rising so early; and especially when I assure them, *that he gives light as soon as he rises*. I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. One cannot be more certain of any fact. I saw it with my own eyes. And, having repeated this observation the three following mornings, I found always precisely the same result.

Yet so it happens, that when I speak of this discovery to others, I can easily perceive, by their countenances, though they forbear expressing it in words, that they do not quite believe me. One, indeed, who is a learned natural philosopher, has assured me, that I must certainly be mistaken as to the circumstance of the light coming into my room; for it being well known, as he says, that there could be no light abroad at that hour, it follows, that none could enter from without; and that, of consequence, my windows being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness: and he used many ingenious arguments, to show me how I might, by that means, have been deceived. I own, that he puz-

zled me a little, but he did not satisfy me ; and the subsequent observations I made, as above mentioned, confirmed me in my first opinion.

This event has given rise, in my mind, to several serious and important reflections. I considered, that, if I had not been awakened so early in the morning, I should have slept six hours longer by the light of the sun, and, in exchange, have lived six hours the following night by candle-light ; and, the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, my love of economy induced me to muster up what little arithmetic I was master of, and to make some calculation, which I shall give you after observing, that utility is, in my opinion, the test of value in matters of invention ; and that a discovery, which can be applied to no use, or is not good for something, is good for nothing.

I took for the basis of my calculation the supposition, that there are 100000 families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of bougies, or candles, per hour. I think this is a moderate allowance, taking one family with another : for though I believe some consume less, I know that many consume a great deal more. Then, estimating seven hours per day, as the medium quantity between the time of the sun's rising and ours, he rising during the six following months from six to eight hours before noon, and there being seven hours of course per night in which we burn candles, the account will stand thus :—

In the six months between the 20th of March and the 20th of September, there are

Nights	183
Hours of each night in which we burn candles	7
Multiplication gives for the total number of hours	1281

These 1281 hours multiplied by 100000,
the number of inhabitants, give . . . 128100000

One hundred twenty-eight millions and one
hundred thousand hours, spent at Paris
by candle-light; which, at half a pound
of wax and tallow per hour, gives the
weight of 64050000.

Sixty-four millions and fifty thousands of
pounds; which, estimating the whole at
the medium price of thirty sols the pound,
makes the sum of ninety-six millions and
seventy-five thousands of livres tournois 96075000

An immense sum! that the city of Paris might save
every year, by the economy of using sunshine instead of
candles.

If it should be said, that people are apt to be obstinately
attached to old customs, and that it will be difficult to in-
duce them to rise before noon, consequently my discovery
can be of little use: I answer, *Nil desperandum*. I believe
all, who have common sense, as soon as they have learnt
from this paper, that it is daylight when the sun rises, will
contrive to rise with him; and to compel the rest I would
propose the following regulations:—

First. Let a tax be laid of a louis per window, on
every window that is provided with shutters, to keep out
the light of the sun.

Second. Let the same salutary operation of police be
made use of to prevent our burning candles, that inclined
us last winter to be more economical in burning wood;
that is, let guards be placed in the shops of the wax
and tallow chandlers, and no family be permitted to
be supplied with more than one pound of candles per
week.

Third. Let guards also be posted to stop all the

coaches, &c., that would pass the streets after sunset, except those of physicians, surgeons, and midwives.

Fourth. Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set ringing; and, if that is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street, to wake the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to see their true interest.

All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days: after which, the reformation will be as natural and easy as the present irregularity: for, *c'est n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. Oblige a man to rise at four in the morning, and it is more than probable he shall go willingly to bed at eight in the evening; and, having had eight hours sleep, he will rise more willingly at four the morning following. But this sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres is not the whole of what may be saved by my economical project. You may observe, that I have calculated upon only one half of the year, and much may be saved in the other, though the days are shorter. Besides, the immense stock of wax and tallow left unconsumed, during the summer, will probably make candles much cheaper for the ensuing winter, and continue them cheaper as long as the proposed reformation shall be supported.

For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other reward whatever. I expect only to have the honour of it. And yet I know there are little envious minds, who will, as usual, deny me this, and say, that my invention was known to the ancients, and perhaps they may bring passages out of the old books in proof of it. I will not dispute with these people, that the ancients knew not the sun would rise at certain hours: they possibly had, as we have, almanacks that predicted it: but it does not follow

thence, that they knew *he gave light as soon as he rose*. This is what I claim as my discovery. If the ancients knew it, it might have been long since forgotten, for it certainly was unknown to the moderns, at least to the Parisians, which to prove, I need use but one plain, simple argument. They are as well instructed, judicious, and prudent a people, as exist any where in the world, all professing, like myself, to be lovers of economy; and, from the many heavy taxes required from them by the necessities of the state, have surely an abundant reason to be economical. I say it is impossible, that so sensible a people, under such circumstances, should have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome, and enormously expensive light of candles, if they had really known, that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing. I am, &c.

An Abonné.

DR. FRANKLIN.

A WEEK IN THE COUNTRY.

HAVING been frequently pressed by sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, possessed of a fine estate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis, for the agreeable silence and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situate in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no *taste*) is not yet defaced with *improvements*. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the towering hills, and fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately

woods, and spacious lawns, which, gilded by the sunshine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect ; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the lowing of distant herds, the fall of waters, and the melody of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes of the hand, by my old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a prosecution in the King's Bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman, of a middle age, a hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits, a keen sportsman, an active magistrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament, by his interest in a neighbouring borough : so that between his pursuits of game, of justice, and popularity, beside the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it, for amusement, every moment is sufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the same age, and has been handsome ; but though years have somewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the least her relish for company, cards, balls, and all other manner of public diversions.

On my arrival, I was first conducted into the breakfast room, which, with some surprise, I saw quite filled with genteel persons of both sexes, in dishabille, with their hair in papers ; the cause of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanness of the apartment she was obliged to allot me, " By reason the house was so crowded with company during the time of their races, which," she said, " began that very day for the whole week, and for which they were immediately pre-

paring." I was instantly attacked by all present with one voice, or rather with many voices at the same time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no opposition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itself.

As soon as the ladies and equipages were ready, we issued forth in a most magnificent cavalcade; and, after travelling five or six miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, just as the ordinary was making it's appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this sumptuous entertainment, which consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game, green fruit, and grapeless wines, destroyed at least two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and suits of clothes, by the unfortunate effusion of butter and gravy. Hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but that, among much disorder and drunkenness, few limbs, and no necks were broken: and from these Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pickpockets, lasted till it was dark, we galloped back to the town, through a soaking shower, to dress for the assembly. But this I found no easy task; nor could I possibly accomplish it before my clothes were quite dried upon my back; my servant staying behind to settle his bets, and having stowed my portmanteau into the boot of some coach, which he could not find, to save himself both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

Being at last equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the smell of a stable over which it was built, the savour of a neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow candles, rum-punch, and tobacco, dispersed over the whole house, and the balsamic effluvia from many sweet creatures, who were dancing, with almost equal strength contended for superiority. The company was numerous and well dressed,

and differed not in any respect from that of the most brilliant assembly in London, but in seeming better pleased and more desirous of pleasing; that is, happier in themselves, and civilier to each other. I observed the door was blocked up the whole night by a few fashionable young men, whose faces I remembered to have seen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor speak to any one, except now and then in whispers to a young lady, who sat in silence at the upper end of the room, in a hat and negligée, with her back against the wall, her arms akimbo, her legs thrust out, a sneer on her lips, a scowl on her forehead, and an invincible assurance in her eyes. This lady I had also frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have since learnt, that she had been toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too close and presumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted most of the company, yet obtained the desired effect: for I overheard several of the country ladies say, "It was pity they were so proud; for to be sure they were prodigious well bred people, and had an immense deal of wit:" a mistake they could never have fallen into, had these patterns of politeness condescended to have entered into any conversation. Dancing and cards, with the refreshment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day break, when our coaches being ready, with much solicitation, and more squeezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than six had before artificially seated themselves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived safely at home.

It was now the middle of harvest, which had not a little suffered by our diversions; and therefore our coach-horses were immediately degraded to a cart; and having rested during our fatigues, by a just distribution of things, were now obliged to labour, while we were at rest. I

mean not in this number to include myself; for, though I hurried immediately to bed, no rest could I obtain for some time, for the rumbling of carts, and the conversation of their drivers, just under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obstacles, and I fell asleep; but I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet my friend, and some choice spirits, whom we had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this manner of refreshment after a night's debauch, rather than the more usual and inglorious one of going to bed. These sounds dying away by their distance, I again composed myself to rest; but was presently again roused by more discordant tongues, uttering all the grossness of Drury Lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate. I now waked indeed with somewhat more satisfaction, at first thinking, by this unpastoral dialogue, that I was once more returned safe to London; but I soon found my mistake, and understood, that these were some innocent and honest neighbours of sir John's, who were come to determine their gentle disputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of sleep, and it was well I did; for I was presently alarmed by a confusion of voices, as loud, though somewhat sweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst much giggling, laughing, squeaking, and screaming, I could distinguish only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Friesland hen—rouge—Red Lion at Brentford—stays padded—ram's horn—saucy minx—impertinent coxcomb*. I started up, dressed me, and went down, where I found the same polite company, who breakfasted there the day before, in the same attitude, discoursing of

their friends, with whom they had so agreeably spent the last night, and to whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with how-d'ye from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

In this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last: for, at the conclusion of it, sir John obligingly requested me to make my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over, I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected lord Rattle, sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party: and that the week after, being the full moon, they should pay and receive all their neighbouring visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added, with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them, I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it necessary for me to be in town. My friend said, he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go, till after to morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening; which I did with much satisfaction; and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings, next door to a brazier's, at Charing Cross.

WORLD.

THE EPHEMERA.

"CICERO, in the first book of his 'Tusculan Questions,' finely exposes the vain judgment we are apt to form of the duration of human life compared to eternity. In illustrating this argument, he quotes a passage of natural history, from Aristotle, concerning a species of insects on the banks of the river Hypanis, that never outlive the day wherein they are born.

"To pursue the thought of this elegant writer: let us suppose one of the most robust of these Hypanians (so famed in history) was in a manner coeval with time itself; that he began to exist at the break of day; and that, from the uncommon strength of his constitution, he has been able to show himself active in life through the numberless minutes of ten or twelve hours. Through so long a series of seconds, he must have acquired vast wisdom in his way, from observation and experience. He looks upon his fellow creatures, who died about noon, to be happily delivered from the many inconveniences of old age; and can perhaps recount to his great grandson a surprising tradition of actions, before any records of their nation were extant. The young swarm, who may be advanced one hour in life, approach his person with respect, and listen to his improving discourse. Every thing he says will seem wonderful to this short-lived generation. The compass of a day will be esteemed the whole duration of time; and the first dawn of light will, in their chronology, be styled the great æra of their creation.

"Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this Nestor of Hypanis, should, a little before his death, and about sunset, send for all his descendants, his friends, and his acquaintance; out of the desire he may have to impart his last thoughts to them, and to admonish them with his departing breath. They meet, perhaps, under the spacious

shelter of a mushroom; and the dying sage addresses himself to them, after the following manner:—

“ Friends and fellow citizens! I perceive the longest life must have an end: the period of mine is now at hand: neither do I repine at my fate; since my great age is become a burden; and there is nothing new, to me, under the sun. The calamities and revolutions I have seen in my country; the manifold private misfortunes, to which we are all liable; and the fatal diseases incident to our race; have abundantly taught me this lesson: that no happiness can be secure or lasting, which is placed in things, that are out of our power. Great is the uncertainty of life! A whole brood of infants has perished in a moment by a keen blast: shoals of our straggling youth have been swept into the waves by an unexpected breeze: what wasteful deluges have we suffered from a sudden shower! our strongest holds are not proof against a storm of hail: and even a dark cloud makes the stoutest hearts to quail.

“ I have lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a larger size, and stronger make, and (I must add) of greater virtue, than any can boast of in the present generation. I must conjure you to give yet farther credit to my latest words, when I assure you, that yonder sun, which now appears westward beyond the water, and seems not to be far distant from the Earth, in my remembrance, stood in the middle of the sky, and shot his beams directly down upon us. The world was much more enlightened in those ages, and the air much warmer. Think it not dotage in me, if I affirm, that glorious being moves. I saw his first setting out, in the east; and I began my race of life near the time, when he began his immense career. He has for several ages advanced along the sky with vast heat and unparalleled brightness; but now, by his declension, and a sensible decay (more especially of late) in his vigour, *I foresee, that all nature must fail in a little time; and*

that the creation will be buried in darkness, in less than a century of minutes.

“Alas, my friends! How did I once flatter myself with the hopes of abiding here for ever! How magnificent are the cells, which I hollowed out for myself! What confidence did I repose in the firmness and spring of my joints, and in the strength of my pinions! But, I have lived enough to nature; and even to glory: neither will any of you, whom I leave behind, have equal satisfaction in life, in the dark, declining age, which I see is already begun.”

Thus far, my unknown correspondent pursues his fiction upon the thought of Cicero: neither will it seem extravagant to those, who are acquainted with the manner of instruction practised by the early teachers of mankind. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant: and, after his example, we may send the ambitious or the covetous man, who seems to overlook the shortness and uncertainty of life, to the little animals upon the banks of the Hypanis: let him consider their transitory state, and be wise. We, like the *éphéméri*, have but a day to live: the morning, the noon, and the evening of life, is the whole portion of our time: many perish in the very dawn; and the man (out of a million) who lingers on to the evening twilight, is not accounted happy.

FREETHINKER.

A PARTY AT VAUXHALL.

I WAS greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vauxhall with the shrewd remarks made by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and overhearing every thing that passed.

After some talk, "Come, come," said the old don; "it is high time, I think, to go to supper." To this the ladies readily assented: and one of the misses said, "Do let us have a chick, papa." "Zounds," said the father, "they are half a crown a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it!" This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise: accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched, by the old lady, with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, "how much there was of it." "A shilling's worth, sir," said the fellow.—"Prithee," said the don, "how much dost think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—at a shilling per ounce, that is, sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar (whence it hung like a bib), and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,—"*There goes twopence—there goes threepence—there goes a*

groat.—Zounds, a man at these places should not have a swallow as wide as a tom-tit."

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham: at length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old newspaper out of his pocket, and, gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. "I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day; and I'll show thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him, if he can make as much of his steaks." Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—"Why now," says he, "to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it." A dish of tarts, cheesecakes, and custards, next made their appearance, at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, "that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cook's."

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—"We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know." "Well, well," says the don, "that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?" The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—"We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or claret, or?"—"No, no, none of your wishy-washy outlandish rot-gut for me," interrupted the citizen.—"A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red claret wine in the French king's cellar.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old Port: and, d'ye hear! let it be good."

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, "because," she said, "it was ungentle to smoke, where any ladies were in company." When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and, holding it above his head, "Ay, ay," said he, "the bottom has had a good kick. And mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides. Not above five gills, I warrant. An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them. But let us see how it is brewed." He then poured out a glass; and, after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking with his lips, drank it off: but, declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that, out of his own free will and motion, he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter "to pick out an honest one."

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves by making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said, it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary*: little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheesecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham,

and every thing seemed to have been quite forgotten, till the dismal moment approached, that the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and, when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared, "it was pretty reasonable considering."

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for six-pence: then, pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four halfpence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter, — "There," says he, "there's your damage — thirteen and two pence — And hearkye, there's three-pence over for yourself." The remaining penny he put into his coat pocket: and chinking it — "This," says he, "will serve me to morrow to buy a paper of tobacco."

The family now prepared themselves for going; and, as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig: and as the coat itself, she said, had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters, with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and *their hair* d up in coloured handkerchiefs. A fol-

lowed them quite out of the garden: and, as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, "When shall we come again, papa?" "Come again?" said he. "What a pox would you ruin me? Once in one's life is enough: and I think I have done very handsome. Why it would not have cost me above four pence halfpenny to have spent my evening at *Sot's Hole*: and what with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here's almost a pound gone, and nothing to show for it." "Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you," replies the old lady. "You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure: and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to *Little Hornsey* to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world; and they shall." The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any farther; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying, "Come, come, let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again; and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday."

CONNOISSEUR.

A PETITION TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE SUPERINTENDENCY OF EDUCATION.

I ADDRESS myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regards to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us; and the two eyes of man do not more resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy, I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to *grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was*

spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked: and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her upon some occasions; but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, sirs, that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity — No; my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for it's subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister (and I mention it in confidence upon this occasion, that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents), what would be the fate of our poor family? Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having placed so great a difference between sisters, who are so perfectly equal? Alas! we must perish from distress: for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition for relief, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request, which I have now the honour to prefer to you.

Condescend, sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally.

I am, with a profound respect,

Sirs,

Your obedient servant,

The Left Hand.

Dr. FRANKLIN.

BOOK IV.

DESCRIPTIVE AND PATHETIC.

DESCRIPTION OF ANCIENT GERMANY.

ANCIENT Germany, excluding from it's independent limits the province westward of the Rhine, which had submitted to the Roman yoke, extended itself over a third part of Europe. Almost the whole of modern Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Livonia, Prussia, and the greater part of Poland, were peopled by the various tribes of one great nation, whose complexion, manners, and language, denoted a common origin, and preserved a striking resemblance. On the west, ancient Germany was divided by the Rhine from the Gallic, and on the south, by the Danube, from the Illyrian provinces of the empire. A ridge of hills rising from the Danube, and called the Carpathian mountains, covered Germany on the side of Dacia, or Hungary. The eastern frontier was faintly marked by the mutual fears of the Germans and the Sarmatians, and was often confounded by the mixture of warring and confederating tribes of the two nations. In the remote darkness of the north, the ancients imperfectly descried a frozen ocean, that lay beyond the Baltic sea, and beyond the peninsula, or islands of Scandinavia.

Some ingenious writers have suspected, that Europe was much colder formerly than it is at present; and the most ancient descriptions of the climate of Germany tend *exceedingly* to confirm their theory. The general com-

plaints of intense frost, and eternal winter, are, perhaps, little to be regarded, since we have no method of reducing to the accurate standard of the thermometer, the feelings or the expressions of an orator born in the happier regions of Greece or Asia. But I shall select two remarkable circumstances, of a less equivocal nature. 1st, The great rivers, which covered the Roman provinces, the Rhine and the Danube, were frequently frozen over, and capable of supporting the most enormous weights. The Barbarians, who often chose that severe season for their inroads, transported, without apprehension or danger, their numerous armies, their cavalry, and their heavy waggons, over a vast and solid bridge of ice. Modern ages have not presented an instance of a like phenomenon. 2dly, The rein-deer, that useful animal, from whom the savage of the north derives the best comforts of his dreary life, is of a constitution, that supports, and even requires the most intense cold. He is found on the rock of Spitzberg, within ten degrees of the pole. He seems to delight in the snows of Lapland and Siberia; but at present he cannot subsist, much less multiply, in any country to the south of the Baltic. In the time of Cæsar, the rein-deer, as well as the elk and the wild bull, was a native of the Hercynian forest, which then overshadowed a great part of Germany and Poland. The modern improvements sufficiently explain the causes of the diminution of the cold. These immense woods have been gradually cleared, which intercepted from the earth the rays of the sun. The morasses have been drained, and, in proportion as the soil has been cultivated, the air has become more temperate. Canada, at this day, is an exact picture of ancient Germany. Although situate in the same parallel with the finest provinces of France and England, that country experiences the most rigorous cold. The rein-deer are very numerous, the ground is covered with deep and lasting snow, and the

great river of St. Lawrence is regularly frozen, in a season when the waters of the Seine and the Thames are usually free from ice.

GIBBON.

DESCRIPTION OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

IF we survey Byzantium, in the extent which it acquired with the august name of Constantinople, the figure of the imperial city may be represented under that of an unequal triangle. The obtuse point, which advances towards the east, and the shores of Asia, meets and repels the waves of the Thracian Bosphorus. The northern side of the city is bounded by the harbour; and the southern is washed by the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora. The basis of the triangle is opposed to the west, and terminates the continent of Europe. But the admirable form and division of the circumjacent land and water cannot, without a more ample explanation, be clearly or sufficiently understood.

The winding channel, through which the waters of the Euxine flow, with a rapid and incessant course, towards the Mediterranean, received the appellation of Bosphorus; a name not less celebrated in the history, than in the fables of antiquity. A crowd of temples, and of votive altars, profusely scattered along its steep and woody banks, attested the unskilfulness, the terrors, and the devotion of the Grecian navigators, who, after the example of the Argonauts, explored the dangers of the inhospitable Euxine. On these banks, tradition long preserved the memory of the palace of Phineus, infested by the obscene harpies; and of the sylvan reign of Amycus, who defied the son of Leda to the combat of the cestus. The streights of the Bosphorus are terminated by the Cyanean rocks, which, according to the description of the poets, had once floated on the surface of the waters; and were destined, by the gods, to protect

the entrance of the Euxine against the eye of profane curiosity. From the Cyanean rocks to the point and harbour of Byzantium, the winding length of the Bosphorus extends about sixteen miles, and it's most ordinary breadth may be computed at about one mile and a half. The new castles of Europe and Asia are constructed, on either continent, upon the foundations of two celebrated temples of Serapis and of Jupiter Urius. The old castles, a work of the Greek emperors, command the narrowest part of the channel, in a place where the opposite banks advance within five hundred paces of each other. These fortresses were restored and strengthened by Mahomet the Second, when he meditated the siege of Constantinople : but the Turkish conqueror was most probably ignorant, that, near two thousand years before his reign, Darius had chosen the same situation to connect the two continents by a bridge of boats. At a small distance from the old castles, we discover the little town of Chrysopolis, or Scutari, which may almost be considered as the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople. The Bosphorus, as it begins to open into the Propontis, passes between Byzantium and Chalcedon. The latter of those cities was built by the Greeks, a few years before the former ; and the blindness of it's founders, who overlooked the superior advantages of the opposite coast, has been stigmatised by a proverbial expression of contempt.

The harbour of Constantinople, which may be considered as an arm of the Bosphorus, obtained, in a very remote period, the denomination of the Golden Horn. The curve, which it describes, might be compared to the horn of a stag, or, as it should seem with more propriety, that of an ox. The epithet of golden was expressive of the riches, which every wind wafted from the most distant countries into the secure and capacious port of Constantinople. The river Lycus, formed by the conflux of two

little streams, pours into the harbour a perpetual supply of fresh water, which serves to cleanse the bottom, and to invite the periodical shoals of fish to seek their retreat in that convenient recess. As the vicissitudes of tides are scarcely felt in those seas, the constant depth of the harbour allows goods to be landed on the quays, without the assistance of boats; and it has been observed, that in many places the largest vessels may rest their prows against the houses, while their sterns are floating in the water. From the mouth of the Lycus to that of the harbour, this arm of the Bosphorus is more than seven miles in length. The entrance is about five hundred yards broad, and a strong chain could be occasionally drawn across it to guard the port and city from the attack of a hostile navy.

Between the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, the shores of Europe and Asia, receding on either side, enclose the Sea of Marmora, which was known to the ancients by the denomination of Propontis. The navigation, from the issue of the Bosphorus to the entrance of the Hellespont, is about one hundred and twenty miles. Those, who steer their westward course through the middle of the Propontis, may at once descry the high lands of Thrace and Bithynia, and never lose sight of the lofty summit of Mount Olympus, covered with eternal snows. They leave, on the left, a deep gulf, at the bottom of which Nicomedia was seated, the imperial residence of Diocletian; and they pass the small islands of Cyzicus and Proconnesus before they cast anchor at Gallipoli; where the sea, which separates Asia from Europe, is again contracted into a narrow channel.

The geographers, who, with the most skilful accuracy, have surveyed the form and extent of the Hellespont, assign about sixty miles for the winding course, and about three miles for the ordinary breadth of those celebrated straits. But the narrowest part of the channel is found *to the northward of the old Turkish castles, between the*

cities of Cestus and Abydos. It was here that the adventurous Leander braved the passage of the flood for the possession of his mistress. It was here, likewise, in a place where the distance between the opposite banks cannot exceed five hundred paces, that Xerxes imposed a stupendous bridge of boats, for the purpose of transporting into Europe a hundred and seventy myriads of barbarians. A sea, contracted within such narrow limits, may seem but ill to deserve the singular epithet of broad, which Homer, as well as Orpheus, has frequently bestowed on the Hellespont. But our ideas of greatness are of a relative nature: the traveller, and especially the poet, who sailed along the Hellespont, who pursued the windings of the stream, and contemplated the rural scenery, which appeared on every side to terminate the prospect, insensibly lost the remembrance of the sea; and his fancy painted those celebrated straits, with all the attributes of a mighty river, flowing with a swift current, in the midst of a woody and inland country, and at length, through a wide mouth, discharging itself into the Ægean, or Archipelago. Ancient Troy, seated on an eminence, at the foot of Mount Ida, overlooked the mouth of the Hellespont, which scarcely received an accession of waters from the tribute of those immortal rivulets the Simois and Scamander. The Grecian camp had stretched twelve miles along the shore, from the Sigæan to the Rhætean promontory; and the flanks of the army were guarded by the bravest chiefs, who fought under the banners of Agamemnon. The first of those promontories was occupied by Achilles, with his invincible myrmidons; and the dauntless Ajax pitched his tents on the other. After Ajax had fallen a sacrifice to his disappointed pride, and to the ingratitude of the Greeks, his sepulchre was erected on the ground where he had defended the navy against the rage of Jove and of Hector; and the citizens of the rising town of Rhæteum celebrated

his memory with divine honours. Before Constantine gave a just preference to the situation of Byzantium, he had conceived the design of erecting the seat of empire on this celebrated spot, from whence the Romans derived their fabulous origin. The extensive plain, which lies below ancient Troy, towards the Rhætean promontory and the tomb of Ajax, was first chosen for his new capital; and, though the undertaking was soon relinquished, the stately remains of unfinished walls and towers attracted the notice of all who sailed through the straits of the Hellespont.

We are at present qualified to view the advantageous position of Constantinople; which appears to have been formed, by nature, for the centre and capital of a great monarchy. Situate in the forty-first degree of latitude, the imperial city commanded, from her seven hills, the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate, the soil fertile, the harbour secure and capacious; and the approach, on the side of the continent, was of small extent and easy defence. The Bosphorus and the Hellespont may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople; and the prince, who possessed those important passages, could always shut them against a naval enemy, and open them to the fleets of commerce. The preservation of the eastern provinces may, in some degree, be ascribed to the policy of Constantine, as the barbarians of the Euxine, who, in the preceeding age, had poured their armaments into the heart of the Mediterranean, soon desisted from the exercise of piracy, and despaired of forcing this insurmountable barrier. When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut, the capital still enjoyed, within their spacious enclosure, every production, which could supply the wants, or gratify the luxury, of its numerous inhabitants. The seacoasts of Thrace and Bithynia, which languish under the weight of Turkish op-

pression, still exhibit a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests; and the Propontis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken, in their stated seasons, without skill, and almost without labour. But when the passages of the straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the north and south, of the Euxine, and of the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scythia, as far as the sources of the Tanais and the Borysthenes; whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia; the corn of Egypt, and the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which, for many ages, attracted the commerce of the ancient world.

GIBBON.

DESCRIPTION OF ARABIA.

IN the vacant space between Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Æthiopia, the Arabian peninsula may be conceived as a triangle of spacious but irregular dimensions. From the northern point of Beles on the Euphrates, a line of fifteen hundred miles is terminated by the straits of Babelmandel and the land of frankincense. About half this length may be allowed for the middle breadth from east to west, from Bassora to Suez, from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea. The sides of the triangle are gradually enlarged, and the southern basis presents a front of a thousand miles to the Indian Ocean. The entire surface of the peninsula exceeds in a fourfold proportion that of Germany or France; but the far greater part has been justly stigmatized with the epithets of the *stony* and the *sandy*. Even the wilds of Tartary are decked by the hand of Nature with lofty trees and luxuriant herbage; and the lonesome traveller

derives a sort of comfort and society from the presence of vegetable life. But in the dreary waste of Arabia, a boundless level of sand is intersected by sharp and naked mountains, and the face of the desert, without shade or shelter, is scorched by the direct and intense rays of a tropical sun. Instead of refreshing breezes, the winds, particularly from the south-west, diffuse a noxious and even deadly vapour; the hillocks of sand, which they alternately raise and scatter, are compared to the billows of the ocean, and whole caravans, whole armies, have been lost and buried in the whirlwind. The common benefits of water are an object of desire and contest; and, such is the scarcity of wood, that some art is requisite to preserve and propagate the element of fire. Arabia is destitute of navigable rivers, which fertilize the soil, and convey it's produce to the adjacent regions: the torrents that fall from the hills are imbibed by the thirsty earth: the rare and hardy plants, the tamarind or the acacia, that strike their roots into the clefts of the rocks, are nourished by the dews of the night: a scanty supply of rain is collected in cisterns and aqueducts: the wells and springs are the secret treasure of the desert; and the pilgrim of Mecca, after many a dry and sultry march, is disgusted by the taste of the waters which have rolled over a bed of sulphur or salt. Such is the general and genuine picture of the climate of Arabia. The experience of evil enhances the value of any local or partial enjoyments. A shady grove, a green pasture, a stream of fresh water, are sufficient to attract a colony of sedentary Arabs to the fortunate spots, which can afford food and refreshment to themselves and their cattle, and which encourage their industry in the cultivation of the palm tree and the vine. The high lands, that border on the Indian Ocean, are distinguished by their superior plenty of wood and water: the air is more temperate, the fruits are more delicious, the animals and the human race

more numerous ; the fertility of the soil invites and rewards the toil of the husbandman ; and the peculiar gifts of frankincense and coffee have attracted, in different ages, the merchants of the world.

GIBBON.

THE HORSE AND CAMEL.

ARABIA, in the opinion of the naturalist, is the genuine and original country of the *horse* : the climate most propitious, not indeed to the size, but to the spirit and swiftness of that generous animal. The merit of the Barb, the Spanish and the English breed, is derived from a mixture of Arabian blood : the Bedoweens preserve, with superstitious care, the honours and the memory of the purest race : the males are sold at a high price, but the females are seldom alienated ; and the birth of a noble foal was esteemed, among the tribes, as a subject of joy and mutual congratulation. These horses are educated in the tents, among the children of the Arabs, with a tender familiarity, which trains them in the habits of gentleness and attachment. They are accustomed only to walk and to gallop : their sensations are not blunted by the incessant abuse of the spur and the whip ; their powers are reserved for the movements of flight and pursuit ; but no sooner do they feel the touch of the hand or the stirrup, than they dart away with the swiftness of the wind ; and, if their friend be dismounted in the rapid career, they instantly stop till he has recovered his seat. In the sands of Africa and Arabia, the *camel* is a sacred and precious gift. That strong and patient beast of burden can perform, without eating or drinking, a journey of several days ; and a reservoir of fresh water is preserved in a large bag, a fifth stomach of the animal, whose body is imprinted with the marks of servitude : the larger breed is capable

of transporting a weight of a thousand pounds; and the dromedary, of a lighter and more active frame, outstrips the fleetest courser in the race. Alive or dead, almost every part of the camel is serviceable to man: her milk is plentiful and nutritious: the young and tender flesh has the taste of veal: the dung supplies the deficiency of fuel: and the long hair, which falls each year and is renewed, is coarsely manufactured into the garments, the furniture, and the tents, of the Bedoweens. In the rainy seasons they consume the rare and insufficient herbage of the desert: during the heats of summer and the scarcity of winter they remove their encampments to the seacoast, the hills of Yemen, or the neighbourhood of the Euphrates, and have often extorted the dangerous licence of visiting the banks of the Nile, and the villages of Syria and Palestine. The life of a wandering Arab is a life of danger and distress; and though sometimes, by rapine or exchange, he may appropriate the fruits of industry, a private citizen in Europe is in the possession of more solid and pleasing luxury, than the proudest emir, who marches in the field at the head of ten thousand horse.

GIBBON.

PILLARS OF SAND IN THE DESERT.

AT one o'clock we alighted among some acacia trees, at Waadi el-Halboub, having gone twenty-one miles. We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight surely one of the most magnificent in the world. In that vast expanse of desert, from west to north-west of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances; at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with a majestic slowness; at intervals we thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us; and small quantities of sand did actually more than

once reach us. Again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies; and these, once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear more. Sometimes they were broken in the middle, as if struck with large cannon shot. About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven of them ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me at that distance as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse, or fastest sailing ship, could be of no use to carry us out of this danger; and the full persuasion of this rivetted me as if to the spot where I stood.

The same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us this day, in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi el Halboub, only they seemed to be more in number and less in size. They came several times in a direction close upon us, that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sunrise like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays, shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate; the Greeks shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgment; Ismael pronounced it to be Hell; and the Turcorories, that the world was on fire.

BRUCE'S TRAVELS.

THE NILE.

FROM his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;
 And, gath'ring many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along :
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thund'ring steep to steep he pours his urn,
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

THOMSON.

BREAKING UP OF THE ICE AT QUEBEC.

THE following is the description of the breaking up of the vast body of ice, which forms what is called the *bridge* from Quebec to Point Levi. The ice before the town being five feet thick, a league in length, and more than a mile broad, resists, for a long time, the rapid tide that attempts to force it from the banks. At length (so a spectator of the scene relates the event), the hour is come : I have been with a crowd of both sexes, and all ranks, hailing the propitious moment ; our situation on the top of Cape Diamond gave us a prospect some leagues above and below the town ; above Cape Diamond, the river was open ; it was so below Point Levi, the rapidity of the current having forced a passage for the water under the trans-

parent bridge, which for more than a league continued firm. We stood waiting with all the eagerness of expectation; the tide came rushing in with an amazing impetuosity; the bridge seemed to shake, yet resisted the force of the waters; the tide recoiled—it made a pause—it stood still—it returned with a redoubled fury—the immense mass of ice gave way. A vast plain appeared in motion: it advanced with solemn and majestic pace; the points of land on the banks of the river for a few moments stopped its progress; but the immense weight of so prodigious a body, carried along by a rapid current, bore down all opposition with a force irresistible.

Mrs. Brook.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

“THE nightingale,” says Pliny, “that, for fifteen days and nights, hid in the thickest shades, continues her note without intermission, deserves our attention and wonder. How surprising, that so great a voice can reside in so small a body! such perseverance in so minute an animal! With what a musical propriety are the sounds it produces modulated! The note, at one time drawn out with a long breath, now stealing off into a different cadence, now interrupted by a break, then changing into a new note by an unexpected transition; now seeming to renew the same strain, then deceiving expectation! She sometimes seems to murmur within herself; full, deep, sharp, swift, drawling, trembling; now at the top, the middle, and the bottom of the scale! In short, in that little bill seems to reside all the melody, which man has vainly laboured to bring from a variety of musical instruments. Some even seem to be possessed of a different song from the rest, and contend with e with

great ardour. The bird overcome is then seen only to discontinue it's song with it's life."

GOLDSMITH'S ANIMATED NATURE.

THE LARK.

THE music of every bird in captivity produces no very pleasing sensations; it is but the mirth of a little animal insensible of it's unfortunate situation; it is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of it's young, that gives the bird's song it's true relish. These, united, improve each other, and raise the mind to a state of the highest, yet most harmless exultation. Nothing can in this situation of mind be more pleasing, than to see the lark warbling upon the wing; raising it's note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense heights above us, the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell, as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches it's nest; the spot where all it's affections are centred, the spot that has prompted all this joy.

GOLDSMITH'S ANIMATED NATURE.

THE FARMYARD.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd houshold kind. The careful hen

Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His ev'ry colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in am'rous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeling neck.

THOMSON.

NORTH CAPE.

PROCEEDING on our voyage, we left on our right the strait formed by Mageron, or Bare Island, and the continent. The vast expanse of the Frozen Ocean opened to our left, and we arrived at last at the extremest point of Europe, known by the name of the North Cape, exactly at midnight.

Sistimus hic tandem, nobis ubi deficit orbis.

The North Cape is an enormous rock, which, projecting far into the ocean, and being exposed to all the fury of the waves and the outrage of tempests, crumbles every year more and more into ruins. Here every thing is solitary, every thing is steril, every thing sad and despondent. The shadowy forest no longer adorns the brow of the mountain; the singing of the birds, which enlivened

even the woods of Lapland, is no longer heard in this scene of desolation; the ruggedness of the dark gray rock is not covered by a single shrub; the only music is the hoarse murmuring of the waves, ever and anon renewing their assaults on the huge masses that oppose them. The northern sun, creeping at midnight at the distance of five diameters along the horizon, and the immeasurable ocean, in apparent contact with the skies, form the grand outlines in the sublime picture presented to the astonished spectator. The incessant cares and pursuits of anxious mortals are recollected as a dream; the various forms and energies of animated nature are forgotten; the Earth is contemplated only in it's elements, and as constituting a part of the solar system.

ACERBI'S TRAVELS.

EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA.

THE following relation is given by Father Kircher, who witnessed the catastrophe while he was on his journey to visit Mount *Ætna*.

" Having hired a boat, in company with four more, two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two seculars, we launched, on the 24th of March, from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and arrived, the same day, at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphæmia, in Calabria, where we had some business to transact, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design; for we were obliged to continue for three days at Pelorus, upon account of the weather, and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, however, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and, although the sea seemed more than usually agitated, yet we ventured forward. The gulf of *Charibdis*, which we approached, seemed whirled round in

such a manner, as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to *Ætna*, I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke, of mountainous sizes, which entirely covered the whole island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphureous stench; which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some more dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance; those who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of it's agitations. My surprise was still increased by the calmness and serenity of the weather; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions, that an earthquake was approaching; and, after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at *Tropæ*, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea.

"But our triumphs at land were of short duration; for we had scarcely arrived at the *Jesuit's* college in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a most dreadful earthquake ensued; so that the whole track upon which we stood seemed to vibrate, as if we were in the scale of a balance, that continued wavering. This motion, however, soon grew more violent; and, being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate upon the ground. In the mean time, the universal ruin round me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to raise my terror and despair. On every side of me I saw nothing but a scene of ruin; and danger threatening wherever I should

fly. I commended myself to God as my last great refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every sublunary happiness! Wealth, honour, empire, wisdom, all mere useless sounds, and as empty as the bubbles in the deep. Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt amidst the general concussion, I resolved to venture for safety, and, running as fast as I could, reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed, and my companions also, whose terrours were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind, where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape; it was all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending terrours.

“ Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast; and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitations. But we were scarcely arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat; and, in about half an hour, we saw the greatest part of the town, and the inn at which we had set up, dashed to the ground, and burying all it's inhabitants beneath it's ruins.

“ In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety at land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopiziam, a castle midway between Tropæ and Euphæmia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; Strombalo, though at sixty miles distance, belching forth flames in *an unusual manner*, and with a noise which I could dis-

tinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences; it every moment seemed to grow louder, and to approach more near. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully; so that, being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next us, and supported ourselves in that manner.

“ After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphæmia, that lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful, dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud was passed away: then, turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk. Wonderful to tell! nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was to be seen where it stood. We looked about to find some one, that could tell us of it's sad catastrophe, but could see none. All was become a melancholy solitude, a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being, that could give us some little information, we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city, but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him with every expression of tenderness and pity to tell us; but his senses were quite wrapped up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loath the sight.

“ We still persisted in our offices of kindness; but he only

pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia : and, as we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities ; and men scattered, without a habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage, by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers both at sea and land."

GOLDSMITH'S ANIMATED NATURE.

PROGRESS OF SENSATIONS IN THE FIRST MAN.

I WELL remember that joyful anxious moment, when I first became acquainted with my own existence. I was quite ignorant of what I was, how I was produced, or whence I came. I opened my eyes : what an addition to my surprise ! The light of the day, the azure vault of Heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, all employed me at once, and animated and filled me with inexpressible delight. I at first imagined, that all those objects were within me, and made a part of myself.

Impressed with this idea, I turned my eyes to the sun ; it's splendour dazzled and overpowered me : I shut them once more ; and, to my great concern, I supposed, that, during this short interval of darkness, I was again returning to nothing.

Afflicted, seized with astonishment, I pondered a moment on this great change, when I heard a variety of unexpected sounds. The whistling of the wind, and the melody of the groves, formed a concert, the soft cadence of which sunk upon my soul. I listened for some time, and was persuaded, that all this music was within me.

Quite occupied with this new kind of existence, I had already forgotten the light, which was my first inlet into life ; when I once more opened my eyes, and found myself again in possession of my former happiness. The gratification of the two senses at once was a pleasure too great for utterance.

I turned my eyes upon a thousand various objects : I soon found, that I could lose them, and restore them at will ; and amused myself more at leisure with a repetition of this new made power.

I now began to gaze without emotion, and to hearken with tranquillity, when a light breeze, the freshness of which charmed me, wafted it's perfumes to my sense of smelling, and gave me such satisfaction as even increased my self-love.

Agitated, roused by the various pleasures of my new existence, I instantly arose, and perceived myself moved along, as if by some unknown and secret power.

I had scarcely proceeded forward, when the novelty of situation once more rendered me immovable. My surprise returned ; I supposed that every object around me had been in motion : I gave to them that agitation, which I produced by changing place ; and the whole creation seemed once more in disorder.

I lifted my hand to my head ; I touched my forehead ; I felt my whole frame : I then supposed, that my hand was the principal organ of my existence ; all it's informations were distinct and perfect ; and so superior to the senses I had yet experienced, that I employed myself for some time in repeating it's enjoyments : every part of my person I touched, seemed to touch my hand in turn ; and gave back sensation for sensation.

I soon found, that this faculty was expanded over the whole surface of my body : and I now first began to perceive the limits of my existence, which I had

in the beginning supposed spread over all the objects I saw.

Upon casting my eyes upon my body, and surveying my own form, I thought it greater than all the objects that surrounded me. I gazed upon my person with pleasure; I examined the formation of my hand, and all its motions; it seemed to me large or little in proportion as I approached it to my eyes; I brought it very near, and it then hid almost every other object from my sight. I began soon, however, to find, that my sight gave me uncertain information, and resolved to depend upon my feeling for redress.

This precaution was of the utmost service; I renewed my motions, and walked forward with my face turned towards the heavens. I happened to strike lightly against a palm tree, and this renewed my surprise: I laid my hand on this strange body; it seemed replete with new wonders, for it did not return me sensation for sensation, as my former feelings had done. I perceived, that there was something external, and which did not make a part of my own existence.

I now, therefore, resolved to touch whatever I saw, and vainly attempted to touch the sun; I stretched forth my arm, and felt only yielding air: at every effort, I fell from one surprise into another, for every object appeared equally near me; and it was not till after an infinity of trials, that I found some objects farther removed than the rest.

Amazed with the illusions, and the uncertainty of my state, I sat down beneath a tree; the most beautiful fruits hung upon it, within my reach; I stretched forth my hand, and they instantly separated from the branch. I was proud of being able to grasp a substance without me; I held them up, and their weight appeared to me like an animated power, that endeavoured to draw them

to the earth. I found a pleasure in conquering their resistance.

I held them near my eye ; I considered their form and beauty ; their fragrance still more allured me to bring them nearer ; I approached them to my lips, and drank in their odours ; the perfume invited my sense of tasting, and I soon tried a new sense—How new ! how exquisite ! Hitherto I tasted only of pleasure ; but now it was luxury. The power of tasting gave me the idea of possession.

Flattered with this new acquisition, I continued it's exercise, till, an agreeable languor stealing upon my mind, I felt all my limbs become heavy, and all my desires suspended. My sensations were now no longer vivid and distinct ; but seemed to lose every object, and presented only feeble images, confusedly marked. At that instant I sunk upon the flowery bank, and slumber seized me. All now seemed once more lost to me. It was then as if I was returning to my former nothing. How long my sleep continued, I cannot tell ; as I yet had no perception of time. My awaking appeared like a second birth ; and I then perceived, that I had ceased for a time to exist. This produced a new sensation of fear ; and, from this interruption in life, I began to conclude, that I was not formed to exist for ever.

In this state of doubt and perplexity, I began to harbour new suspicions ; and to fear, that sleep had robbed me of some of my late powers ; when, turning on one side to resolve my doubts, what was my amazement, to behold another being, like myself, stretched by my side ! New ideas now began to arise ; new passions, as yet unperceived, with fears and pleasures, all took possession of my mind, and prompted my curiosity : love served to complete that happiness, which was begun in the individual and every sense was gratified in all it's varieties.

BUTTER

JOURNEY TO PARIS.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

I AM a gentleman of a reasonable paternal estate in my county, and serve as knight of the shire for it. Having what is called a very good family interest, my election incumbered my estate with a mortgage of only five thousand pounds; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged by a good *place*, which I have got since, to live in town, and in all the best company, nine months in the year. I married suitable to my circumstances. My wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor understanding. Discretion and good humour on her part, joined to good nature and good manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One son and one daughter were our only children. We complied with custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing; and my son passed nine years at Westminster school in learning the words of two languages long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design, but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness. "My dear," said she, "I think you do very right to send George abroad, for I love a foreign education, though I shall not see the poor boy a great while: but since we are to part for so long a time, why should we not take the opportunity of carrying him ourselves as far as Paris? The journey is nothing; very little farther than to our own house in the north; we shall save money by it; for every thing is very cheap in France; it will form the girl, *who is of a right age for it*; and a couple of months, with a *good French* and dancing master, will perfect her in both.

and give her an air and manner, that will help her off in these days, when husbands are not plenty, especially for girls with only five thousand pounds to their fortune. Several of my acquaintance, who have lately taken trips to Paris, have told me, that to be sure we should take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad, this little jaunt will amuse, and even improve us; for it is the easiest thing in the world to get into all the best company at Paris."

My wife had no sooner ended her speech (which I easily perceived to be the result of meditation) than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. "Ah, dear papa," said she, "let us go with brother to Paris; it will be the charmingest thing in the world; we shall see all the newest fashions there; I shall learn to dance of Marseille; in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year; I hardly knew her again when she came back: do, dear papa, let us go."

The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first, and I foresaw a thousand inconveniences in it, though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though supported by the best arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, "That I was not, at first sight at least, sensible of the many advantages, which they had enumerated; but that, on the contrary, I apprehended a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniences in consequence of it. That I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels; but, that I had lately seen many women of hers become very ridiculous by theirs; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady." Here the girl interrupted me, with saying, "For

that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments stand many a woman in stead of a fortune." "Nay to be sure," added my wife, "the girl is in the right in that; and, if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married, as lady Betty Townly, or the two miss Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes." I found, by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. Insomuch, that I am assured, that the French call those swarms of English, which now, in a mannner, overrun France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured, as well as I could, to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter, whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we care to own, the true motive of many things, that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations; we should find every thing in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and, when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our folly,

our whole journey was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover, before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things, which we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary trades-people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit. He graciously brought me five thousand livres, which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him, that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered coolly, "No, sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *konnêtement*." This, I confess, startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife, "Do you hear that, child?" She replied, unmoved, "Yes, my dear; but now, that we are here, there is no help for it; it is but once, upon an extraordinary occasion; and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs." I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies as much as I could. My banker, after having charged him-

self with the care of procuring me a *carrosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which, in plain English, is a hired coach and a footman, invited us to pass all the next day at his house, where he assured us, that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son, before dinner, to see the public buildings, and his lady was to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteelest shops, in order to fit them out to appear *honnêtement*. The next morning I amused myself very well with seeing, while my wife and daughter amused themselves still better, by preparing themselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented to us an Irish abbé, and an Irish captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon, who studied midwifry at the *Hôtel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that sir Harbottle Bumper and sir Clotworthy Guzledown, with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nucilly. Though this company sounds but indifferently, and though we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumstances, which gave me uneasiness, though they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that I may hasten to the most material ones.

In about three days, the several mechanics, who were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *honnêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating room,

where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with their transformation, that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. "Now, my dear," said my wife, "we can appear a little like Christians." "And strollers too," replied I; "for such have I seen, at Southwark Fair, the respectable Sysigambis, and the lovely Parisatis. This cannot surely be serious!" "Very serious, depend upon it, my dear," said my wife; "and pray, by the way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No such Sysigambis neither," continued she; "Betty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four and twenty." As I found that the name of Sysigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and, addressing myself in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, "I perceived that there was a painter, now at Paris, who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed them to be the pictures of themselves." To this they both answered at once, "That red was not paint; that no colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they protested they had none." "But how do you like my *pompon*, papa?" continued my daughter; "is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mamma's." "It may, child, for any thing that I know; because I do not know what part of all this frippery thy *pompon* is." "It is this, papa," replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and showing me in the middle of her hair a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers, and ribands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. "But what hast thou done to thy hair, child!" said I; "is it blue? Is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?" "Indeed, papa," answered the girl, "as I told you before, there is no painting in the case; but what gives my hair that bluish cast, is the gray powder, which has always

that effect upon dark coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully." "Gray powder, child!" said I, with some surprise: "Gray hairs, I knew, were venerable; but, till this moment, I never knew that they were genteel." "Extremely so, with some complexions," said my wife; "but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it." "You are much in the right, my dear," replied I, "not to play with edge-tools. Leave it to the girl." This, which perhaps was too hastily said, and seemed to be a second part of the Sysigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was silent all dinner time, and I vainly hoped ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress, and sixteen, kept up the conversation with herself, till the long wished for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagances, which I had already seen, and upon the still greater, which I had but too much reason to dread.

From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced some new and shining folly, and some improper expense. Would to God, that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately, we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon-ton*. A French *valet de chambre*, who I am told is an excellent servant, and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a dessert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very slatternly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat, too, is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy sattins, and black calicoes; not to mention their affected broken English and mangled French, which, jumbled together, compose their present language. My French and

English servants quarrel daily, and fight for want of words
abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by
being translated into French, and the version of my daugh-
ter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentle-
man from attempting to read her. My expense (and con-
sequently my debt) increases; and I am made more un-
happy by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together
with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it
may prove a useful Pharos, to deter private English fami-
lies from the coasts of France. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. D.

WORLD.

THE CIT'S BOX.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em;
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile,
And, as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather:
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires it's views, it's situation;
And thus she opens her oration.

"What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?"

Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who dotes upon your precious life !
 Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear :
 One may observe it in your face —
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace :
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise and country air.
 Sir Traffick has a house you know,
 About a mile from Cheney Row :
 He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true ;
 But not so warm, my dear, as you :
 And folks are always apt to sneer —
 One would not be outdone, my dear."

Sir Traffick's name, so well applied,
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd the argument had reason ;
 And, by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town
 (An hour's ride will bring you down),
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road :
 And so convenient does it lay,
 That stages pass it ev'ry day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have a house so near the city !
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past ;
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fuss of moving over :

Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.

" Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countrified!
'Twould come to but a trifling price,
To make it quite a Paradise.
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales;
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese.
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd:
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye:
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before;
Nothing it's views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ller, in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And, pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, ' That's sir Thrifty's country seat.' "

No doubt, her arguments prevail;
For madam's taste can never fail.

Blest age, when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred Christian names;

As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
 Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-scai-quoi*, Virtù :
 Which appellations all describe
 Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wond'rous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
 'The trav'ler with amazement sees
 A temple, Gothic or Chinese,
 With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon.
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water four feet wide :
 With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact designs.
 In front a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the Green ;
 Where taste would want it's first great law,
 But for the skulking sly ha-ha ;
 By whose miraculous assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde Park Corner come
 The gods of Athens and of Rome :
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus and the clumsy Graces :
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there, without the power to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
 The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste ;
 And madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common councilmen by dozens,

Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them and to eat.

CONNOISSEUR.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL, daughter of the earl of Southampton, was born about the year 1636. She appears to have possessed a truly noble mind, a solid understanding, an amiable and a benevolent temper. Her pious resignation and religious deportment, under the pressure of very deep distress, afford a highly instructive example, and an eminent instance of the power of religion, to sustain the mind in the greatest storms and dangers, when the waves of affliction threaten to overwhelm it.

It is well known, that the husband of this lady, William, lord Russel, was beheaded in the reign of Charles the Second; that he was a man of great merit; and that he sustained the execution of his severe sentence with Christian and invincible fortitude. During the period of her illustrious husband's troubles, she conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection, and the most surprising magnanimity. She appeared in court at his trial; and when the attorney-general told him "He might employ the hand of one of his servants in waiting, to take notes of the evidence for his use," lord Russel answered, that "he asked none, but that of the lady who sat by him." The spectators, at these words, turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress: a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After his condemnation, she threw herself at the king's feet; and pleaded, but alas! in vain, the merits and loyalty of her father, in order to save her husband.

When the time of separation came, her conduct appears

to be worthy of the highest admiration : for without a sigh or tear, she took her last farewell of her husband, though it might have been expected, as they were so happy in each other, and no wife could possibly surpass her in affection, that the torrent of her distress would have overflowed it's banks, and been too mighty for restraint. Lord Russel parted from his lady with a composed silence : and observing how greatly she was supported, said, after she was gone ; " The bitterness of death is now past : " for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. He declared, that " she had been a great blessing to him ; " and observed, that " he should have been miserable, if she had not possessed so great magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing to save his life." He said, " There was a signal providence of God, in giving him such a wife, in whom were united noble birth and fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to himself ; but that her behaviour, in his extremity, exceeded all."

After the death of her lord upon the scaffold, this excellent woman, encompassed with the darkest clouds of affliction, seemed to be absorbed in a religious concern, to behave properly under the afflicting hand of God ; and to fulfil the duties now devolved upon herself alone, in the care, education, disposal, and happiness, of her children ; those living remains of her lord, which had been so dear to him, and which were, for his sake, as well as their own, so dear to herself. She lost her sight after the death of her husband, it is said, through excessive weeping ; yet she survived Lord Russel forty years, and died at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Her letters, which have been published, breathe a spirit of the most touching resignation and piety.

TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE.

I AM a humble cousin to two sisters, who, though they are good humoured, good sort of people, and (all things considered) behave to me tolerably well; yet their manners and dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome. The elder of my cousins is a very lively girl, and so great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you seldom see her with so much as a pin in her gown; while the younger, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a *slattern*, runs into the contrary extreme, and is in every thing she does an absolute *fid-fad*. She takes up almost as much time to put on her gown as her sister does to dirty one. The elder is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do, and the other is so tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapsed in which it was necessary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the elder, you are sure of having it lost; or if you would borrow any thing of the younger, it is odds but she refuses it, from an opinion, that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatever work is done by one sister is too slight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly bed-fellows, the first sleep of the elder is sure to be broken by the younger, whose usual time of undressing and folding up her clothes is at least an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances occasioned by her elder sister's things, which lie scattered everywhere in her way.

If they had lovers, I know exactly how it would be: the elder would lose hers by saying *Yes* too soon, and the younger by saying *No* too often. If they were wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing: or, were they

mothers, the daughters of the elder would be playing at taw with the boys, and the sons of the younger dressing dolls with the misses.

WORLD.

EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

ON Tuesday the 7th of February, 1587, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy the joys of Heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and, though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot;" and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested, that she was innocent of that conspiracy, which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not

only retained perfect composure of mind herself, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and, falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed, that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulct's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long lain aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there sir Andrew Melvil, the ^{master} of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress, whom he

tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and, as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and, signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared, that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and, kneeling down, repeated a Latin prayer. When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared, that she hoped for mercy only through the

death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross, so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair, already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, "So perish all queen Elizabeth's enemies," the earl of Kent alone answered Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments, but those of pity or admiration.

Such was the tragical death of Mary queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity.

None of her women were suffered to come near her dead body, which was carried into a room adjoining to the place of execution, where it lay for some days, covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the executioners, and every thing stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes. Not long after, Elizabeth appointed her body to be buried in the cathedral of Peterborough with royal magnificence. But this vulgar artifice was employed in vain! the pageantry of a pompous funeral did not efface the memory of those injuries, which laid Mary in her grave. James,

soon after his accession to the English throne, ordered her body to be removed to Westminster Abbey, and to be deposited among the monarchs of England.

ROBERTSON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHY should our joys transform to pain ?

Why gentle Hymen's silken chair

A plague of iron prove ?

Bendish, 'tis strange the charm that binds

Millions of hands, should leave their minds

At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause,

Rang'd the wide fields of Nature's laws,

And urg'd the schools in vain ;

Then deep in thought, within my breast

My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd

A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,

On Fancy's airy horse I ride

(Sweet rapture of the mind !)

Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,

In a tall ancient grove I stood

For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,

Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,

Awoke his morning song ;

Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream ;

The birth of souls was all his theme,

And half divine his tongue.

He sang—" th' eternal rolling flame,

That vital mass, that still the same

Does all our minds compose :

But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames ;
Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
And jarring tempers rose.

" The mighty pow'r, that form'd the mind,
One mould for ev'ry two design'd,
And bless'd the new born pair :
This be a match for this (he said) :
Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here :

" But, parting from their warm abode,
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands :
Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates !
Our eastern souls have dropp'd their mates
On Europe's barb'rous lands.

" Happy the youth, that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life :
But oh the crowds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds,
And chain'd t' eternal strife !"

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard ;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow :

" Sure then (I cried) might I but see
That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What distant lands this unknown fair,
Or distant seas detain ?
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain."

WATTS'S LYRICS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST PAIR.

TWO of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all :
 And worthy seem'd ; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
 Whence true authority in men ; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd :
 For contemplation he and valour form'd ;
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
 He for God only, she for God in him :
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

MILTON.

ON THE MARRIAGE TIE.

HAIL, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise of all things common else.
 By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

MILTON.

THE PATRIOT'S ELYSIUM.

THERE is a land, of ev'ry land the pride,
 Belov'd by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.
 The wand'ring mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In ev'ry clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heav'n's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of Earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend :

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flow'rs the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear Heav'n of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 " Where shall that *land*, that *spot of Earth* be found ?"
 Art thou a man ? — a patriot ? — look around ;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
 The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.
 Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;
 Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.
 As on she moves with hesitating grace,
 She wins assurance from his soothing voice ;
 And with a look the pencil could not trace,
 Smiles thro' her blushes, and confirms the choice.
 Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame !
 To thee she turns — forgive a virgin's fears !
 To thee she turns with surest, tend'rest claim ;
 Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears !
 At each response the sacred rite requires,
 From her full bosom bursts th' unbidden sigh ;
 A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires,
 And on her lips the trembling accents die.
 O'er her fair face what wild emotions play !
 What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend !
 Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
 And settled sunshine on her soul descend !

Ah soon, thine own confess'd, ecstatic thought !

That hand shall strew thy summer path with flow'rs ;

And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,

Gild the calm current of domestic hours !

ROGERS'S PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

NAUSICAA.

SWIFT at the royal nod th' attending train

The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.

The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares

Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial bears.

The queen assiduous, to her train assigns

The sumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines.

The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,

A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold ;

Odour divine ! whose soft refreshing streams

Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.

Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins

Shine in her hand : along the sounding plains

Swift fly the mules : nor rode the nymph alone ;

Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.

They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames

Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams ;

Where, gath'ring into depth from falling rills,

The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.

The mules unharness'd range beside the main,

Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,

And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave

(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,

Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand) :

Then with a short repast relieve their toil,

And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil ;

And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,

O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play

(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies
Toss'd, and retoss'd, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast ; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes Earth and Heav'n rejoice.

POPE'S ODYSSEY.

ON SENSIBILITY.

CELESTIAL spring ! to Nature's fav'rites given ;
Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of Heav'n.
From the pure crystal of thy fountain flow
The tears that trickle o'er another's wo,
The silent drop, that calms our own distress,
The gush of rapture at a friend's success :
Thine the soft streams from Beauty's lids that steal,
To sooth the heart-wounds 'twere a crime to heal.
Thine, too, the tears of ecstasy that roll,
When genius flashes on the conscious soul ;
And thine the hallow'd flood, that drowns the eye,
When warm Religion lifts the thought on high.

JERNINGHAM.

MY MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah would that this might be the last !

My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow —
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,

My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore ;
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,

My Mary !

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,

My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,

My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,

My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,

My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,

My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently press'd press gently mine,

My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at ev'ry step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,

My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wint'ry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness, that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,

My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary!

COWPER

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
 To whom my sweetest joys belong,
 And who the happy pairs,
 Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
 Find blessings twisted with their hands,
 To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
 That thoughtless fly into the chains,
 As custom leads the way :
 If there be bliss without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
 Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
 To dull embraces move :
 So two rich mountains of Peru
 May rush to wealthy marriage too,
 And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe, that Hell inspires
 With wanton flames; those raging fires
 The purer bliss destroy;
 On Ætna's top let furies wed,
 And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
 T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms
 None of the melting passions warms,
 Can mingle hearts and hands :

Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married just like stoic souls,

With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,

Can the dear bondage bless :

As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,

Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,

The rugged and the keen :

Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,

With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind

A gentle to a savage mind ;

For love abhors the sight :

Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,

For native rage and native fear

Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,

'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,

And feeds their mutual loves.

Bright Venus on her rolling throne

Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,

And Cupids yoke the doves.

WATTS'S LYRICS.

THE FIRST HOUSEWIFE.

SO saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,

M

What order so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change :
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever Earth, all bearing mother, yields
 In India East or West, or middle shore
 In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
 Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand ; for drink the grape
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
 She tempers dulcet creams ; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strows the ground
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

MILTON.

THE LAMB.

AH, gentle shepherd ! thine the lot to tend,
 Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd, —
 Feeble,—defenceless. Lenient be thy care :
 But spread around thy tend'rest diligence
 In flow'ry spring time, when the new dropp'd lamb,
 Tatt'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
 Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,
 Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet.
 O ! guard his weak, sweet innocence from all
 Th' innum'rous ills, that rush around his life.
 Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
 Circling the skies, to snatch him from the plain.
 Observe the lurking crows. Beware the brake ;
 There the sly fox the careless minute waits.
 Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky.

Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
 Eurus oft flings his hail : the tardy fields
 Pay not their promis'd food : and oft the dam
 O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
 Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
 Alights, and hops, in many turns around,
 And tires her, also turning. To her aid
 Be nimble : and the weakest, in thine arms,
 Gently, convey to the warm cot ; and oft,
 Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
 His hungry bleating still with tepid milk :
 In this soft office may thy children join,
 And charitable habits learn in sport.

DYER'S FLEECE.

—◆—
 SHEEP-WASHING.

—————IF verdant elder spreads
 Her silver flow'rs ; if humble daisies yield
 To yellow crow-foot and luxuriant grass,
 Gay shearing-time approaches. First, how'er,
 Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
 Of a clear river ; gently drive the flock,
 And plunge them one by one into the flood :
 Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
 With his white flakes that glisten through the tide :
 The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
 Awaits to seize him rising : one arm bears
 His lifted head above the limpid stream,—
 While the full clammy fleece the other laves
 Around, laborious, with repeated toil ;
 And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
 Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

DYER'S FLEECE.

BUXTON WELLS.

— IN green vales, amid her mountains bleak,
 Buxtonia smiles, the goddess-nymph of Peak ;
 Deep in warm waves, and pebbly baths she dwells,
 And calls Hygeia to her sainted wells.

Hither in sportive bands bright Devon leads
 Graces and Loves from Chatsworth's flow'ry meads.—
 Charm'd round the nymph, they climb the rifted rocks;
 And steep in mountain-mist their golden locks ;
 On vent'rous step her sparry caves explore,
 And light with radiant eyes her realms of ore.
 — Oft by her bubbling founts and shadowy domes,
 In gay undress the fairy legion roams,
 Their dripping palms in playful malice fill,
 Or taste with ruby lip the sparkling rill ;
 Crowd round her baths, and, bending o'er the side,
 Unclasp'd their sandals, and their zones untied,
 Dip with gay fear the shudd'ring foot undress'd,
 And quick retract it to the fringed vest ;
 Or cleave with brandish'd arms the lucid stream,
 And sob, their blue eyes twinkling in the steam.
 — High o'er the chequer'd vault with transient glow
 Bright lustres dart, as dash the waves below ;
 And Echo's sweet responsive voice prolongs
 The dulcet tumult of their silver tongues.—
 O'er their flush'd cheeks uncurling tresses flow,
 And dewdrops glitter on their necks of snow ;
 Round each fair nymph her dropping mantle clings,
 And Loves emerging shake their show'ry wings.

DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

ELEGY ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF
 EARLY LIFE.

HAIL, loveliest scene these eyes have e'er survey'd !
 Where my gay childhood innocently grew :

Where oft my feet with truant pastime play'd,
 And my warm youth life's freshest pleasures knew ;
 Roll back, ye hasty suns, and bring again
 Those days of gold ; then stand for ever still !
 Ere through my frame had pierc'd the shaft of Pain ;
 Ere my warm spirits Care had learn'd to chill.
 Delightful Hope ! gay, laughing propheters !
 The flatt'ring painter of Futility !
 That told'st me I should feel unmingled bliss ;
 Come, tell me o'er again the charming lie !
 Repeat that tale I heard of days to come ;
 All rich with bright impossibilities !
 Walks always smooth, and flow'rs of lasting bloom,
 And thornless roses, and unclouded skies !
 Return that health, which bloom'd without my care ;
 Came uninvok'd, and, though neglected, staid :
 Which ask'd nor lenient herb, nor fount, nor air,
 Contemn'd all danger, and despis'd all aid.
 Again, my bosom glow as then it glow'd ;
 When round I look'd, and felt that all was fair ;
 When high on Rapture's eagle-wing I rode ;
 Tow'r'd to the sun, and spurn'd the clouds of care !
 Those slumbers sound again my senses bind,
 That made but one sweet instant all my night ;
 That heard nor barking cur, nor howling wind,
 Nor Time's deep, solemn toll proclaim his flight.
 And, O the fervours, Heav'n, renew, that ran
 Through my young nerves (sensation all divine !)
 Ere broke that golden dream, which show'd me man
 Not fairer in his form than pure within.
 Ere yet Surprise had made her fearful start,
 As Hell-born Villainy first meets the view !
 That smoothest smiles oft mask a frowning heart,
 Ere yet my blissful inexperience knew.

Give me again in all men to confide;
 Again Suspicion from my breast be driv'n;
 Still would I view my kind with gen'rous pride,
 And deem the word of man the word of Heav'n.
 And take once more your turn, ecstatic days!
 When life's vast curtain rose, and bless'd my view!
 Lo! the gay plumes, the spangles, and the blaze!
 All wond'rous bright, enchanting all, and new!
 Move my still breast, sweet Novelty, again!
 Again with wild delight my passions dance!
 Return the bounding heart, the fever'd brain,
 Return the years of transport and romance!
 But, chief, that sweet surprise restore me, Fate,
 Young Fancy felt in Academia's hall;
 The muse of Rome and Greece as first she met,
 And each quick passion own'd her mighty call!
 And give me, Nature, once again to prove
 Those dear, delirious, agitated days,
 When woke within me first the throb of love,
 And radiant Beauty dazzled first my gaze!
 Soft idle hours! when Reason sat retir'd,
 And Fancy o'er me all her influence threw!
 When, save what Laura's changeful eyes inspir'd,
 No hopes I cherish'd, and no fears I knew!
 Ah! swift-wing'd joys! for ever, ever flown!
 Ah, fruitless revocation, fond and vain!
 Adieu, blest days, that must but once be known!
 Farewell, delights, I may not taste again!
 Come, Virtue, when all other joys retreat,
 Still constant found; and, smiling Friendship, come!
 And beauteous Truth!—now gaudier beams have set,
 Gild, with your mild and lunar rays, my gloom.

THE PROSPECT.

OH scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
 Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ; which who can see,
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
 His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?
 Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
 And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
 Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
 Or fertile only in it's own disgrace,
 Exults to see it's thistly curse repeal'd.
 The various seasons woven into one,
 And that one season an eternal spring,
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
 For there is none to covet, all are full.
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
 Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
 Together, or all gambol in the shade
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man
 Lurks in the serpent now : the mother sees,
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind
 One Lord, one Father. Errour has no place :
 That creeping pestilence is driv'n away ;
 The breath of Heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart
 No passion touches a discordant string,
 But all is harmony and love. Disease
 Is not : the pure and uncontaminate blood
 Holds it's due course, nor fears the frost of age.
 One song employs all nations ; and all cry,

" Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us."
 The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
 Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
 Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
 Earth rells the rapturous Hesanua round.
 Behold the measure of the promise fill'd ;
 See Salem built, the labour of a God !
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;
 All kingdoms and all princes of the Earth
 Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands
 Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
 Praise is in all her gates : upon her walls,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
 And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
 Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come
 To see thy beauty and to share thy joy,
 O Sion ! an assembly such as Earth
 Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.

COWPER.

THE WOODMAN.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
 The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
 From morn to eve his solitary task.
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears

And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
 Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk
 Wide scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
 With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;
 Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
 Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
 Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught,
 But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
 T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
 That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

COWPER.

THE DESERTED FEMALE.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — What waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of Pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome, where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies :
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When, idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

GOLDSMITH.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
 The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down it's beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,

IV. DESCRIPTIVE AND PATHETIC 261

Regardless of wringing and breaking & weeping,
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it loose,
Might have bloom'd with it's owner awhile ;
And the tear, that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile

(LOWELL)

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

FOR him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with Fortune laid unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, houseless object of despair,
For the poor vagrant soul, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought
Believe, with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps, on some inhospitable shore,
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore ;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain ;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years—
The child of Misery, baptiz'd in tears.

LANGHORNE.

THE BALLOON.

SO on the shoreless air th' intrepid Gaul
 Launch'd the vast concave of his buoyant ball.
 Journeying on high, the silken castle glides
 Bright as a meteor through the azure tides ;
 O'er towns, and tow'rs, and temples, wins it's way,
 Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault of day.
 Silent, with upturn'd eyes, unbreathing crowds
 Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds ;
 And, flush'd with transport or benumb'd with fear,
 Watch, as it rises, the diminish'd sphere.
 — Now less and less — and now a speck is seen ; —
 And now the fleeting rack obtrudes between !
 With bended knees, rais'd arms, and suppliant brows,
 To ev'ry shrine they breathe their mingled vows.
 " Save him, ye saints ! who o'er the good preside ;
 Bear him, ye winds ! ye stars benignant ! guide."
 — The calm philosopher in ether sails,
 Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales ;
 Sees, like a map, in many a waving line,
 Round Earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine ;
 Sees at his feet the forky lightnings glow,
 And hears innocuous thunders roar below.

DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

MAY DAY.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
 Sweet May ! thy radiant form unfold,
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
 For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny show'r ;

The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bow'r.
 Light Graces, dress'd in flow'ry wreaths,
 And tiptoe Joys their hands combine ;
 And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
 And laughing dances round thy shrine.
 Warm with new life, the glitt'ring throngs,
 On quiv'ring fin and rustling wing,
 Delighted join their votive songs,
 And hail thee, " Goddess of the Spring."

DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

ON A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,
 Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;
 Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
 Like track of leverets in morning snow.
 Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
 Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
 Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
 Without the help of colours or of oil !
 For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
 'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake ;
 Whose breath salutes your new created grove,
 Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
 Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
 Can make the motion and the forest too.

WALLER.

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

NOT rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirits, and restore

The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
 That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
 Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
 And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
 Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
 And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
 Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
 Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 In matted grass, that with a livelier green
 Betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 But animated Nature sweeter still,
 To sooth and satisfy the human ear —
 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 The livelong night. Nor these alone, whose notes
 Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
 But cawing rooks and kites, that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles, screaming loud ;
 The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl,
 That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh ;
 Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
 And only there, please highly for their sake.

God made the country, and man made the town :
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught,
 That life holds out to all, should most abound,
 And least be threaten'd, in the fields and groves ?
 Possess ye, therefore, ye, who, borne about
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 But that of idleness, and taste no scene

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But such as art contrives ; possess ye still
 Your element, there only ye can shipe !
 There only minds like yours can do no harm.
 Our groves are planted to console at noon
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish ;
 Birds warbling, all the music. We can spare
 The splendour of your lamps, they but eclipse
 Our softer satellite. * * *

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise, that has surviv'd the fall !
 Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm
 Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
 Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
 Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup,
 Thou art the nurse of virtue ! In thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
 Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
 That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist
 And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
 Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support ;
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
 And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
 Joys, that her stormy raptures never yield.

Cow!

A COMPARISON.

SWEET stream, that winds through yond
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—

Silent and chaste she steals along
 Far from the world's gay busy throng,
 With gentle yet prevailing force
 Intent upon her destin'd course,
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
 Pure besom'd as the wat'ry glass,
 And Heav'n reflected in her face.

COWPER.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee ?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine !
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill ;
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king !
 All the fields, which thou dost see,
 All the plants, belong to thee ;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice :
 Man for thee does sow and plough ;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou !
 Thou dost innocently joy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 These country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year !

Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon Earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.

Happy insect ! happy thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know ;
 But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal !)
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

COWLEY.

THE CONTRAST.

SAUL'S royal house two beauteous daughters grac'd ;
 Merab the first, Michol the younger nam'd,
 Both equally, for diff'rent glories, fam'd.
 Merab, with spacious beauty, fill'd the sight,
 But too much awe chastis'd the bold delight ;
 Like a calm sea, which to th' enlarged view
 Gives pleasure, but gives fear and rev'rence too.
 Michol's sweet looks clear and free joys did move,
 And no less strong, though much more gentle, love ;
 Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t'obey,
 Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.
 Merab appear'd like some fair princely tow'r ;
 Michol some virgin queen's delicious bow'r.
 All Beauty's stores in little and in great ;
 But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.
 A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,
 Such as the prouder colours might envy :
 Michol's pure skin shone with such taintless white,
 As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight ;

Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did show,
 Than e'er on fruits, or flow'rs, Heav'n's pencil drew.
 From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings came;
 From Michol's, the sun's mild, yet active, flame.
 Merab's long hair was glossy chesnut brown;
 Tresses of palest gold did Michol crown.
 Such was their outward form; and one might find
 A diff'rence not unlike it in the mind.
 Merab, with comely majesty and state,
 Bore high th' advantage of her worth and fate:
 Such humble sweetness did soft Michol show,
 'That none who reach'd so high e'er stoop'd so low.
 Merab rejoic'd in her rack'd lover's pain,
 And fortified her virtue with disdain:
 The grief she caus'd gave gentle Michol grief;
 She wish'd her beauties less, for their relief,
 Ev'n to her captives civil; yet th' excess
 Of naked virtue guarded her no less.
 Bus'ness and pow'r Merab's large thoughts did vex;
 Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex:
 Michol no less disdain'd affairs and noise,
 Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.
 In brief, both copies were, more sweetly drawn,
 Merab of Saul, Michol of Jonathan.

COWLEY.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IN Phrygian ground
 Two neighb'ring trees, with walls encompass'd round
 Stand on a mod'rate rise, with wonder shown,
 One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
 I saw the place, and them, by Pittheus sent
 To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.

Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
 Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant :
 Here Jove with Hermes came ; but, in disguise
 Of mortal men, conceal'd their deities ;
 One laid aside his thunder, one his rod ;
 And many toilsome steps together trod :
 For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd ;
 Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
 At last a hospitable house they found,
 A homely shed ; the roof, not far from ground,
 Was thatch'd with reeds, and straw together bound.

There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
 Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair ;
 Now old in love, though little was their store,
 Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
 Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
 For master, or for servant here to call,
 Was all alike, where only two were all ;
 Command was none, where equal love was paid ;
 Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty roofs the gods repuls'd before,
 Now stooping, enter'd through the little door :
 The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
 A common settle drew for either guest,
 Inviting each his weary limbs to rest :
 But, ere they sate, officious Baucis lays
 Two cushions, stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise ;
 Coarse, but the best she had ; then rakes the load
 Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living coals ; and, lest they should expire,
 With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire :
 It smokes ; and then, with trembling breath, she blows,
 Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose ;
 With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
 And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.

The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on
 (Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone);
 Next took the coleworts, which her husband got
 From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot);
 She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
 She cull'd, and them with handy care she dress'd.
 High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
 Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
 And from the sooty rafter drew it down;
 'Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one;
 Yet a large portion of a little store,
 Which, for their sakes alone, he wish'd were more.
 This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
 To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
 The time between, before the fire they sat,
 And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
 Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
 This, fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
 Before their guests: in this they bath'd their feet,
 And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
 This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
 Sallow the feet, the borders, and the stead:
 Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
 But coarse old garments: yet such robes as these
 They laid alone at feasts, or holidays.
 The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
 The table sets; th' invited gods lie down.
 The trivet table of a foot was lame,
 A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
 Who thrusts beneath the limping leg a sherd,
 So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
 Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
 A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
 Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
 The party-colour'd olive, black and green:

Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
 In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd.
 A garden salad was the third supply,
 Of endive, radishes, and succory :
 Then curds and cream, the flow'r of country fare,
 And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
 Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
 All these in earthen-ware were serv'd to board ;
 And next in place, an earthen pitcher, stor'd
 With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
 This was the table's ornament and pride,
 With figures wrought : like pages at his side
 Stood beechen bowls ; and these were shining clean,
 Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
 By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
 And to the table sent the smoking lard ;
 On which with eager appetite they dine,
 A sav'ry bit, that serv'd to relish wine :
 The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
 Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
 The second course succeeds like that before,
 Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintr'y store,
 Dry figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set,
 In canisters, t' enlarge the little treat :
 All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
 Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd ;
 But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
 With hearty welcome, and an open face :
 In all they did, you might discern, with ease,
 A willing mind, and a desire to please.
 Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and
 still,
 Though often emptied, were observ'd to fill ;
 Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
 Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.

Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
 With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd;
 And up they held their hands, and fell to pray'r,
 Excusing, as they could, their country fare.

One goose they had ('twas all they could allow),
 A wakeful sentry, and on duty now;
 Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
 Her with malicious zeal the couple view'd;
 She ran for life, and limping they pursu'd:
 Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
 And would not make her master's compliment;
 But, persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,
 And close between the legs of Jove she lies;
 He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
 And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
 And own'd the god. The neighbourhood (said he)
 Shall justly perish for impiety:

Ye stand alone exempted: but obey
 With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
 Leave these accurst; and to the mountain's height
 Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.

They haste, and, what their tardy feet denied,
 The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
 An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
 And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
 Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;—
 Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
 A wat'ry desert covers all the plains;
 Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
 Wond'ring with weeping eyes, while they deplore
 Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
 Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
 Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk
 to grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies,
 The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:

The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles
of gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene :
Speak thy desire, thou only just of men ;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.

Awhile they whisper ; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request :
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine :
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife ;
We beg one hour of death, that neither she,
With widow's tears, may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenour all th' appointed space :
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green :
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood ;
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind :
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give, and take, at once, their last adieu,
At once, Farewell, O faithful spouse, they said ;
At once th' encroaching rinds their closing lips
invade.

Ev'n yet an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows ;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.

I saw myse f the garlands on their boughs,
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
 And off'ring fresher up with pious pray'r,
 The good (said I) are God's peculiar care,
 And such as honour Heav'n shall heav'nly honour
 share. GARTH'S OVID.

THE FEMALE COTERIE.

BY nature turn'd to play the rake well
 (As we shall show you in the sequel),
 The modern dame is wak'd by noon
 (Some authors say not quite so soon).
 Because, though sore against her will,
 She sat all night up at *quadrille*.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise;
 Of headach and the spleen complains;
 And then, to cool her heated brains,
 Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
 Takes a large dram of citron water.
 Then to her glass; and "Betty, pray
 Don't I look frightfully to day?
 But was it not confounded hard?
 Well, if I ever touch a card!—
 Four *mattadores* and lose *codill*!
 Depend upon't, I never will.
 But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 The ladies here to night by six."
 "Madam, the goldsmith waits below:
 He says, his business is to know,
 If you'll redeem the silver cup
 He keeps in pawn?"—"Why show him up."
 "Your dressing plate he'll be content
 To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
 And, madam, there's my lady Spade
 Hath sent this letter by her maid."

"Well, I remember what she won;
 And hath she sent so soon to dun?
 Here, carry down those ten pistoles
 My husband left to pay for coals:
 I thank my stars they are all light,
 And I may have revenge to night."
 Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
 She enters on her usual theme;
 Her last night's ill success repeats,
 Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
 "She slipp'd *spadillo* in her breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a jest:
 There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
 And to each other give the sign."
 Through ev'ry game pursues her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.

Now to another scene gives place:
 Enter the folks with silk and lace:
 Fresh matter for a world of chat,
 Right India this, right Mechlin that:
 "Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
 I can have customers enough."
 "Dear madam, you are grown so hard——
 This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard."
 "Madam, if there be truth in man,
 I never sold so cheap a fan."

This business of importance o'er,
 And madam almost dress'd by four,
 The footman, in his usual phrase,
 Comes up with, madam, dinner stays:
 She answers in her usual style
 "The cook must keep it back awhile:
 I never can have time to dress:
 No woman breathing takes up less;
 I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
 I wish the dinner at old Nick."

At table now she acts her part,
 Has all the dinner cant by heart :
 " I thought we were to dine alone,
 My dear ; for sure, if I had known
 This company would come to day——
 But really 'tis my spouse's way ;
 He's so unkind, he never sends
 To tell when he invites his friends ;
 I wish ye may but have enough."
 And while with all this paltry stuff
 She sits tormenting ev'ry guest,
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite ;
 You see the booby husband sit
 In admiration at her wit !

But let me now a while survey
 Our madam o'er her ev'ning tea ;
 Surrounded with her noisy clans
 Of prudes, coquets, and harridans ;
 When, frightened at the clam'rous crew,
 Away the god of silence flew.
 And fair Discretion left the place,
 And Modesty, with blushing face :
 Now enters overweening Pride,
 And Scandal, ever gaping wide ;
 Hypocrisy with frown severe,
 Scurillity with gibing air ;
 Rude Laughter, seeming like to burst,
 And Malice always judging worst ;
 And Vanity with pocket-glass,
 And Impudence with front of brass ;
 And studied Affectation came,
 Each limb and feature out of frame ;
 While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

SWIF

THE FRISEUR.

THE fair Jezebella what art can adorn,
 Whose cheeks are like roses, that blush in the morn ?
 As bright were her locks as in Heaven are seen
 Presented for stars by th' Egyptian queen ;
 But alas ! the sweet nymph they no longer must deck,
 No more shall they flow o'er her ivory neck ;
 Those tresses, which Venus might take as a favour,
 Fall a victim at once to an outlandish shaver ;
 Her head has he robb'd with as little remorse,
 As a foxhunter crops both his dogs and his horse :
 A wretch, that, so far from repenting his theft,
 Makes a boast of tormenting the little that's left :
 And first at her porcupine head he begins
 To fumble and poke with his irons and pins,
 Then fires all his crackers with horrid grimace,
 And puffs his vile *rocambole* breath in her face,
 Discharging a steam that the devil would choke,
 From paper, pomatum, from powder, and smoke.
 The patient submits, and with due resignation,
 Prepares for her fate in the next operation.
 When lo ! on a sudden, a monster appears,
 A horrible monster, to cover her ears ; —
 What sign of the zodiac is it he bears ?
 Is it Taurus's tail, or the *tête de mouton*,
 Or the *beard of the Goat*, that he dares to put on ?
 'Tis a wig *en vergette*, that from Paris was brought,
Une tête comme il faut, that the varlet has bought,
 Of a beggar, whose head he has shav'd for a groat ;
 Now fix'd to her head, does he frizzle and dab it ;
 'Tis a foretop no more. — 'Tis the skin of a rabbit. —
 'Tis a muff — 'tis a thing, that by all is confess'd
 Is in colour and shape like a chaffinch's nest.

O cease, ye fair virgins, such pains to employ,
 The beauties of nature with paint to destroy ;

See Venus lament, see the Loves and the Graces,
 All pine at the injury done to your faces !
 Ye have eyes, lips, and nose, but your heads are none
 Than a doll's, that is plac'd at a milliner's door.

BATH GUIDE

A COMPARISON.

AS when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er Heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

POPE'S ILIAD.

A WINTER PIECE.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow
 And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow
 When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewildered in her way
 Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say
 " Oh cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,
 And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could see:
 And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my heart w
 cold;
 But crueller than all the lad, that left my love for gold
 " Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in
 breast;
 Ah! little thinks thy father how sadly we're distress'd

For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
 He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.
 "Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone :
 Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down ;
 My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they
 fall,
 Ah wretched, wretched mother ! thou'rt now bereft of all."
 Then down she sunk, despairing, upon the drifted snow,
 And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her wo ;
 She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side,
 Then cast her eyes to Heaven, then bow'd her head, and
 died.

DR. AIKIN.

MATERNAL LOVE.

THrice holy pow'r, whose fost'ring, bland embrace,
 Shields the frail scions of each transient race,
 To whom fair nature trusts the teeming birth,
 That fills the air, that crowds the peopled Earth,
 Maternal Love ! thy watchful glances roll
 From zone to zone, from pole to distant pole ;
 Cheer the long patience of the brooding hen,
 Sooth the she fox, that trembles in her den,
 'Mid Greenland ice-caves warm the female bear,
 And rouse the tigress from her sultry lair.
 At thy command, what zeal, what ardour fires
 The softer sex ! a mightier soul inspires : —
 Lost to themselves, our melting eyes behold
 Prudent, the simple ; and the timid, bold.
 All own thy sway, save where, on Simoom wing,
 Triumphant sailing o'er the blasted spring
 (Whether in Otahaitan groves accurs'd,
 Or Europe's polish'd scenes the fiend be nurs'd),
 Unhallow'd Love bids Nature's self depart,
 And makes a desert of the female heart.

LUCY AIKIN.

A MOTHER TO HER WAKING INFANT

NOW in thy dazzling, half op'd eye,
 Thy curled nose, and lip awry,
 Thy up-hoist arms, and noddling head,
 And little chin with crystal spread,
 Poor helpless thing ! what do I see,
 That I should sing of thee ?

From thy poor tongue no accents come,
 Which can but rub thy toothless gum ;
 Small understanding boasts thy face,
 Thy shapeless limbs nor step nor grace,
 A few short words thy feats may tell,
 And yet, I love thee well.

When sudden wakes the bitter shriek,
 And redder swells thy little cheek ;
 When rattled keys thy woes beguile,
 And through the wet eye gleams the smile,
 Still for thy weakly self is spent
 Thy little silly plaint.

But when thy friends are in distress,
 Thou'lt laugh and chuckle ne'er the less ;
 Nor ev'n with sympathy be smitten,
 Though all are sad but thee and kitten ;
 Yet, little varlet that thou art,
 Thou twitchest at the heart.

Thy rosy cheek, so soft and warm ;
 Thy pinky hand, and dimpled arm ;
 Thy silken locks, that scant'ly peep,
 With gold-tipp'd ends, where circles deep
 Around thy neck in harmless grace,
 So soft and sleekly hold their place,
 Might harder hearts with kindness fill,
 And gain our right good will.

Each passing clown bestows his blessing,
 Thy mouth is worn with old wives kissing :
 Ev'n lighter looks the gloomy eye
 Of surly sense, when thou art by ;
 And yet, I think, whoe'er they be,
 They love thee not like me.

Perhaps, when time shall add a few
 Short years to thee, thou'lt love me too :
 Then wilt thou, through life's weary way,
 Become my sure and cheering stay ;
 Wilt care for me, and be my hold,
 When I am weak and old.

Thou'lt listen to my lengthen'd tale,
 And pity me, when I am frail.
 But see ! the sweepy spinning fly,
 Upon the window, takes thine eye.
 Go to thy little senseless play ;
 Thou dost not heed my lay.

DESCRIPTION OF ITALY.

SEE how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle ;
 Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom ;
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride ;

Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

ADDISON.

A PRISON SCENE.

I HAVE been in such a dismal place,
Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers
Bound in with darkness, overspread with damps;
Where I have seen — if I could say I saw —
The good old king, majestic in his bonds,
And 'midst his griefs most venerably great.
By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy vapours, he lay stretch'd along
Upon th' unwholesome earth, his eyes fix'd upwar
And ever and anon a silent tear
Stole down and trickled from his hoary beard.
My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts.
He sent for me; and, while I rais'd his head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck,
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

DRYDEN.

CONSTANCY.

THY rise of fortune did I only wed,
From it's decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
On the smooth surface of a summer sea;
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;

But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no! — One sacred oath has tied
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide,
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

PRIOR.

OFFICIOUS LOVE.

ABRA, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
 To grace my presence; Abra went the last.
 Abra was ready ere I called her name,
 And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

PRIOR.

MONASTIC GLOOM.

THE darksome pines, that, o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams, that shine between the hills,
 The grotts, that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales, that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes, that quiver to the curling breeze;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusty caves,
 Long sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A deathlike silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

POPE.

MONASTIC ENTHUSIASM.

HOW happy is the blameless vestal's lot ;
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind ;
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
 " Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of séraphs shed divine perfumes ;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring ;
 For her white virgins hymenæals sing ;
 'To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

POPE.

JUPITER AND EUROPA.

THE dignity of empire laid aside
 (For love but ill agrees with kingly pride),
 The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
 Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
 Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
 Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
 Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
 And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
 His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
 Unsullied by the breath of southern skies ;
 Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
 As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand ;

His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
 But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
 His ev'ry look was peaceful, and express'd
 The softness of the lover in the beast.
 Agénor's royal daughter, as she play'd
 Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
 And view'd his spotless body with delight,
 And, at a distance, kept him in her sight.
 At length, she pluck'd the rising flow'rs, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
 And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
 Now rolls his body on the yellow sand ;
 And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal maid ;
 Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
 His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
 In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin dress'd
 His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast,
 'Till now, grown wanton and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
 She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and, by degrees,
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas ;
 Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
 The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar ;
 But still she holds him fast : one hand is borne
 Upon his back : the other grasps a horn :
 Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

GARTH'S OVID.

TREES CHARACTERIZED.

THEN forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, shrowded in that grove from tempests dread,
 Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high.
 The sailing Pine; the Cedar, proud and tall;
 The vine-prop Elm; the Poplar, never dry;
 The builder Oak, sole king of forests all;
 The Aspin, good for staves: the Cypress, funeral;
 The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage; the Fir, that weepeth still;
 The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours;
 The Yew, obedient to the bender's will;
 The Birch for shafts; the Sallow for the mill;
 The Myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound;
 The warlike Beech; the Ash, for nothing ill;
 The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round;
 The carver Holm; the Maple, seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

 THE ROBIN.

— the fowls of Heav'n,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon,
 Which Providence assigns them. — One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shiv'ring mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his tender feet.

THOMSON.

A WINTER EVENING.

NOW stir the fire, and close the shutters fast ;
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round ;
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage.

O Winter ! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard whiten'd with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along it's slipp'ry way ;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreadful as thou art. * * *

* * *
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;

No powder'd pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves and quake :
 But here the needle plies it's busy task ;
 The pattern grows ; the well-depicted flow'r,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds it's bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
 With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page, by one
 Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest ;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still ;
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry : the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

COWPER.

ADDRESS TO THE CREATOR.

O MIGHTY Genius ! Sole animating and inspiring
 Power ! Author and subject of these thoughts ! Thy in-
 fluence is universal : and, in all things, thou art inmost.
 From Thee depend their secret springs of action. Thou
 movest them with an irresistible unwearied force, by sacred
 and inviolable laws, framed for the good of each particular
 being ; as best may suit with the perfection, life, and
 vigour of the whole. The vital principle is widely shared,
 and infinitely varied : dispersed throughout ; nowhere

extinct. All lives ; and by succession still revives. The temporary beings quit their borrowed forms, and yield their elementary substance to new comers. Called, in their several turns, to life, they view the light, and viewing pass ; that others too may be spectators of the goodly scene, and greater numbers still enjoy the privilege of Nature. No time nor substance is lost or unimproved. New forms arise : and when the old dissolve, the matter whence they were composed is not left useless, but wrought with equal management and art, even in corruption, Nature's seeming waste and vile abhorrence. The abject state appears merely as the way or passage to some better.

SHAFTESBURY.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

PRODIGIOUS orb ! Bright source of vital heat, and spring of day ! — Soft flame, yet how intense, how active ! How diffusive, and how vast a substance ; yet how collected thus within itself, and in a glowing mass confined to the centre of this planetary world ! — Mighty being ! brightest image and representative of the Almighty ! Supreme of the corporeal world ! Unperishing in grace, and of undecaying youth ! Fair, beautiful, and hardly mortal creature ! By what secret ways dost thou receive the supplies, which maintain thee still in such unwearied vigour and unexhausted glory ; notwithstanding those eternally emitted streams, and that continual expense of vital treasures, which enlighten and invigorate the surrounding worlds ?

Around him all the planets, with this our Earth, single, or with attendants, continually move ; seeking to receive the blessing of his light and lively warmth ! Towards him they seem to tend with prone descent, as to their centre ; but happily controlled still by another impulse, they

their heavenly order; and in just numbers, and exact measure, go the eternal rounds.

But, O thou who art the Author and Modifier of these various motions! O sovereign and sole Mover, by whose high art the rolling spheres are governed, and these stupendous bodies of our world hold their unrelenting courses! O wise Economist, and powerful Chief, whom all the elements and powers of nature serve! How hast thou animated these moving worlds? What spirit or soul infused? What bias fixed? Or how encompassed them in liquid æther, driving them as with the breath of living winds, thy active and unwearied ministers, in this intricate and mighty work?

SHAFTESBURY.

THE TORRID AND FRIGID ZONES.

HOW oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him! How tedious are the winters there! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent over the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs, and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See! where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold, or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked woods.—Yet not disheartened (such is the force of human breasts), but thus provided for, by art and prudence, the kind compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For at length the sun approaching, melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return

of cold. It breaks the icy fetters of the main ; where vast sea monsters pierce through floating islands, with arms which can withstand the crystal rock : while others, who of themselves seem great as islands, are by their bulk alone armed against all but man ; whose superiority over creatures of such stupendous size and force should make him mindful of his privilege of reason, and force him humbly to adore the great Composer of these wondrous frames, and Author of his own superior wisdom.

But leaving these dull climates, so little favoured by the sun, for those happier regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer ; how great an alteration do we find ! His purer light confounds weak sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire, which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt. Overcome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales ; favoured by which, the men and beasts pursue their labours ; and plants, refreshed by dews and showers, can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.

SHAFTESBURY.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

BUT behold ! through a vast tract of sky before us, the mighty Atlas rears his lofty head, covered with snow, above the clouds. Beneath the mountain's foot, the rocky country rises into hills, a proper basis of the ponderous mass above : where huge embodied rocks lie piled on one another and seem to prop the high arch of Heaven.—See ! with what trembling steps poor mankind tread the narrow brink of the deep precipices ! Whence with giddy horror they look down, mistrusting even the ground which bears them ; while they hear the hollow sound of

torrents underneath, and see the ruin of the impending rock ; with falling trees, which hang with their roots upwards, and seem to draw more ruin after them. Here thoughtless men seized with the newness of such objects, become thoughtful, and willingly contemplate the incessant changes of this Earth's surface. They see, as in one instant, the revolutions of past ages, the fleeting forms of things, and the decay even of this our globe ; whose youth and first formation they consider, while the apparent spoil and irreparable breaches of the wasted mountain show them the world itself only as a noble ruin, and make them think of it's approaching period.—But here, midway the mountain, a spacious border of thick wood harbours our wearied travellers : who now are come among the ever green and lofty pines, the firs, and noble cedars, whose towering heads seem endless in the sky : the rest of trees appearing only as shrubs beside them. And here a different horror seizes our sheltered travellers, when they see the day diminished by the deep shades of the vast wood ; which, closing thick above, spreads darkness and eternal night below. The faint and gloomy light looks horrid as the shade itself : and the profound stillness of these places imposes silence upon men, struck with the hoarse echoings of every sound within the spacious caverns of the wood. Here space astonishes. Silence itself seems pregnant ; while an unknown force works on the mind, and dubious objects move the wakeful sense. Mysterious voices are either heard or fancied : and various forms of Deity seem to present themselves, and appear more manifest in these sacred sylvan scenes ; such as of old gave rise to temples, and favoured the religion of the ancient world. Even we ourselves, who in plain characters may read Divinity from so many bright parts of Earth, choose rather these obscurer places, to spell out that mysterious Being, which to our weak eyes appears at best under a veil of cloud.

SPRATTSBURY.

BOOK V.

DIALOGUES.

ELDER AND YOUNGER BROTHER.

Elder Brother;

UNMUFFLE, ye faint stars ; and thou, fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades ;
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Second Brother.

Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
But, oh that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What, if in wild amazement and affright ?
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

El. Bro. Peace, brother : be not over exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self delusion !
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace, that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :
 But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Sec. Bro. 'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects.

The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house ;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;
I fear the dread events, that dog them both,
Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

El. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy ;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Sec. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

El. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
She, that has that, is clad in complete steel ;
And, like a quiver'd-nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with uublench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing, that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
To testify the arms of chastity ?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The friv'lous bolt of Cupid ; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe ?
So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt ;
 And, in clear dream and solema vision,
 Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear ;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal : but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
 Ling'ring and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degen'rate and degraded state.

MILTON'S COMUS.

LADY AND COMUS.

Comus. Nay, lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fool, do not boast ;
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd, lady ? Why do you
 frown ?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger ; from these ^{gates}
Sorrow flies far : see, here be all the pleasures,
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
And first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mix'd ;
Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms ;
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted ; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon. .

Lady.

'Twill not, false traitor !

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou told'st me of ? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me !
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver !
Hast thou betray'd my cred'lous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery ?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute ?

Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treas'nous offer ; none
But such as are good men can give good things ;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste ?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her sons ; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She lutch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with : if all the world
Should in a fit of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd ;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth ;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility ;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with
plumes,
The herds would overmultitude their lords,
The sea, o'erfraught, would swell, and th' unsought
di'monds
Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,

And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, lady: be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current: and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsav'ry in th' enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence: coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

Lady. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,

Had but a moderate and beseeeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store ;
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid : for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?
Or have I said enough ? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity ;
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence ;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd :
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapp'd spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

MILTON'S COMUS.

LORD AND LADY TOWNLY.

Lord T. How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house for money due to him from you ?

Lady T. You don't expect, my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence ?

Lord T. I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagances, that are the occasion of it — I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

Lady T. Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord T. Nor am I, madam, longer to be abused thus. What's become of the last five hundred I gave you ?

Lady T. Gone.

Lord T. Gone ! what way, madam ?

Lady T. Half the town over I believe by this time.

Lord T. 'Tis well ; I see ruin will make no impression, till it falls upon you.

Lady T. In short, my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

Lord T. Madam, madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

Lady T. Make me ! Then I must tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

Lord T. Come, come, madam ; you shall bear a great deal more before I part with you.

Lady T. My lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear on your side, I can assure you.

Lord T. Poh ! your spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither honour, worth, nor innocence to support it.

Lady T. You'll find, at least, I have resentment ; and do you look well to the provocation.

Lord T. After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

Lady T. I scorn your imputation, and your menaces : the narrowness of your heart's your monitor ; 'tis there, there, my lord, you are wounded ; you have less to complain of than many husbands of an equal rank to you.

Lord T. Why, madam ! do you presume upon your corporal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind ? Is it there, there alone, an honest husband can be injured ? Have you not every other vice, that can debase your birth or stain the heart of woman ? Is not your health your beauty, husband, fortune, family, disclaimed, for nights consumed in riot and extravagance ? The wanton does no more ; if she conceals her shame, does less : and sure the dissolute avowed as sorely wounds my honour and my quiet.

Lady T. I see, my lord, what sort of wife might please you.

Lord T. Ungrateful woman ! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her. — I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person ! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is it to me, whether a black ace or a powdered coxcomb has possession of it ?

Lady T. If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord T. That, madam, I have long despaired of : and, since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that, with our hearts, our persons too should separate. This house you sleep no more in : though your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

Lady T. Your style, my lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour.

Lord T. Madam, madam, this is no time for compliments——I have done with you.

Lady T. If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it: but have a care; I may not perhaps be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

Lord T. Recalled——Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady T. My lord, you may proceed as you please; but pray, what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practised by a hundred other women of quality?

Lord T. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible: and, though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

Lady T. I don't know what figure you may make, my lord; but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

Lord T. Be sparing of your spirit, madam; you'll need it to support you.——

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

Lord T. Sister, I have the same excuse to entreat of you too.

Lady G. To your request, I beg, my lord,——

Lord T. Thus then——As you both were present at my ill considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determined separation——I know, sir, your good nature and my sister's must be shocked at the

office I impose on you; but, as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscious that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent on her side.

Man. My lord, I never thought till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lord T. For you, my lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you——the world, I fear, is too well informed of them——For the good lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter—As the lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow; and (to our mutual shame I speak it) more than happy wives desire——but those indulgences must end; state, equipage, and splendour, but ill become the vices that misuse them.——The decent necessities of life shall be supplied——but not one article to luxury; not even the coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my lady Lovemore, with tears this morning has consented to receive you: where, if time and your condition bring you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increased——but, if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less: nor will I call that soul my friend, that names you in my hearing.

Lady G. My heart bleeds for her. *[Aside.*

Lord T. Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love. There was a time, when I believed that form incapable of vice or of decay; there I proposed the partner of an easy home; there I for ever hoped to find a cheerful companion, an agreeable, intimate, faithful friend, a useful helpmate, and a tender mother——but, oh, how bitter now the disappointment!

Man. The world is different in it's sense of happiness: offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord T. Fear me not.

Man. This last reproach I see has struck her. [*Aside.*]

Lord T. No, let me not (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes—I know the world is fond of any tale, that feeds it's appetite of scandal: and, as I am conscious severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion raised against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

Lady T. Oh, sister! [*Turns to Lady Grace weeping.*]

Lord T. When I am spoken of, where, without favour, this action may be canvassed, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure. [*Going.*]

Lady T. Support me! save me! hide me from the world! [*Falling on Lady Grace's neck.*]

Lord T. [*Returning.*—I had forgot me—You have no share in my resentment; therefore, as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injured husband.

[*Offers to go out.*]

Man. [*Interposing.*] My lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong! If looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer with my life there's something labouring in her mind, that, would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord T. Consider! since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

Lady T. Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But, as you've called in friends to witness your resentment, let them be equal bearers of my reply.

Lord T. I sha'n't refuse you that, madam—be it so.

Lady T. My lord, you ever have complained I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, so, when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my coldness.

Lady G. This promises a reverse of temper. [*Apart.*

Man. This, my lord, you are concerned to hear.

Lord T. Proceed—I am attentive.

Lady T. Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves: I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain; yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that, when a father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one, I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth——His tender care, my lord, directed him to you——Our hands were joined—but still my heart was wedded to it's folly! My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures: the husband's right to rule I thought a vulgar law, which only the deformed or meanly spirited obeyed! I knew know directors but my passions; no master but my will! Even you, my lord, some time o'ercome by love, was pleased with my delights; nor then foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence——And, though I call myself ungrateful while I own it, yet, as a truth, it cannot be denied——that kind indulgence has undone me; it added strength to my habitual failings, and, in a heart thus warm, in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

Lord T. Oh, Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried? [*Apart.*

Lady T. What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession; my errors (give 'em, if you please,

a harder name) cannot be defended! No! What's in it's nature wrong, no words can palliate, no plea can alter! What then remains, in my condition, but resignation to your pleasures? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, till I have lived an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon——The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent; but to have deserved this separation will strew perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

Lady G. Oh, happy, heavenly hearing!

Lady T. Sister, farewell! [*Kissing her.*] Your virtue needs no warning from the shame, that falls on me: but, when you think I have atoned my follies past, persuade your injured brother to forgive them.

Lord T. No, madam! Your errors, thus renounced, this instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a sense of them, has made you what my utmost wishes formed, and all my heart has sighed for.

PROVOKED HUSBAND.

AGIB AND SECANDER.

Scene, A Mountain in Circassia. Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains,
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky,
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring Fear and desp'rate Sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

Secan. O stay thee, Agib ! for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart ! O turn thee and survey,
Trace our sad flight through all it's length of way :
And, first, review that long extended plain ;
And yon wide groves ; already pass'd with pain ;
Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried ;
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side.

Agib. Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou
know
The toils of flight, or some severer wo !
Still, as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind :
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops it's fair honours to the conqu'ring flame :
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

Secan. Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the
sword !
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord ;
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid :
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind ;
'Midst fair sultanas, lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

Agib. Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flow'y plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd — in vain :
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;

On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale ;
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale : —
Fair scenes ! but, ah, no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherd's whit'ning tents appear ;
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd,
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

Secan. In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair ;
Their eyes, in tears, their fruitless grief must send ;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

Agib. Ye Georgian swains ! that, piteous, learn from
far

Circassia's ruin and the waste of war ;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvests and defend your fair.
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo ;
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way : —
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of wo.

He said ; when, loud, along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd ;
Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.

COLLINA.

THE DIRGE.

Bumkinet, Grubbinol.

Bumk. Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a show'r of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl.
Let cider new wash sorrow from thy soul.

Grub. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

Bumk. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder but repair,
And, with trim sonnets, cast away our care.
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."
Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the valleys ring;
Come Grubbinol! beneath this shelter, come,
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

Grub. Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my wo shall distant valleys ring;
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For, wo is me! — our Blouzelind is dead.

Bumk. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee! —
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon coos without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid, that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread ;
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud — when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The drooping trees, when'er it rains, shall mourn ;
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda died.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supplied ;
There I remember how her faggots large
Where frequently these happy shoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown ;
Or, when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way — or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen ;
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream ;
But now, alas ! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door ;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine ! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand :
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass,
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now),
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deal my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd :
Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow ;
Let weeds instead of butterflow'rs appear ;
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear ;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone :
" Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
Weep shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass."

Grub. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth ;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay ;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind-expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell ;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried ;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate :

The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead ;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate ?
While on her darling's bed her mother sate,
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke ;
And of the dead let none the will revoke.

" Mother," quoth she, " let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed ;
Be these my sister's care — and ev'ry morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn ;
The sickly calf, that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die — see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf ;
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid.
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid —
The rest is yours: my spinning wheel and rake
Let Susan keep, for her dear sister's sake :
My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean :
My leathern bottle, long in harvests tried,
Be Grubbinol's — this silver ring beside :
Three silver pennies and a ninepence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent."

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cried,
And, peaceful, like the harmless lamb she died.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier,
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butterflow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,

He said, that Heav'n would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise — quite out.
To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground.
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle rase,
For both his horse and cow the churchyard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cider mull'd with ginger warm;
For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the by,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft strokings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise;
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain:
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the village maid;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

GAY.

IMOGEN AND PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere as a paper lost
With offer'd mercy in it. What was the last,
That he spoke with thee?

Pis. 'Twas his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I :
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could mark me with his eye, or I
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him ev'n
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crack'd
'em, but

To look upon him ; till the diminution,
From space, had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
Nay followed him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept — but, good Pisanió,
When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour ; or could charge him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons (for then
I am in Heav'n for him), or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

SHAKESPEARE

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

Ferdinand bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious, but
'The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabb'd ;
And he's composed of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor ; I forget,
Nay these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Least busy when I do it.

Enter Miranda ; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mira. Alas ! now, pray you,
Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you're enjoin'd to pile :
Pray set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you : my father
Is hard at study ; pray now rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O, most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you ; and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm ! thou art infected, and
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I may set it in my prayers),
What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda. O, my father,
I've broke your hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !

Indeed, the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world : full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear ! for sev'ral virtues
Have I lik'd sev'ral women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of ev'ry creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass my own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father ; how features are abroad
I'm skillless of ; but by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think a king
(I would not so!); and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O Heav'n, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heav'n's rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want;—but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful Cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy Innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, my dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart so willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

SHAKESPEAR.

PORTIA AND BRUTUS.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours, neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you farther; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with ev'ry man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear, my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise ! and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do : — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to night
Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets,
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well reputed ; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex;
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows :
Leave me with haste.

SHAKESPEAR.

ORLANDO AND ROSALIND.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and, under that habit, play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester ?

Orla. Very well : What would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

Orla. You should ask me what time o'day ; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal ?

Orla. I prithee, whom doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a sennight, Time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles Time withal ?

Ros. With a priest, that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain ; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury : these Time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows : for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers, in the vacation ; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God I am not a

woman to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he, that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-de-vice in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that

you love believe it ; which I warrant she is apter to do, than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so ?

Ros. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour : would now like him ; now loath him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness ; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic : and thus I cur'd him : and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cot and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is?

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? SHAKESPEAR.

LEAR AND CORDELIA.

Enter Lear in a Chair carried by Servants.

Phys. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good madam, when we do awake him:
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father! restoration hang
Her medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair these violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made.

Phys. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these whites flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should
Have stood that night against my fire: and wast
Thou fain, poor father, to hovel thee with swine
And rogues forlorn, in short and musty straw!
Alack, 'tis wonder that thy life and wits
At once had not concluded all. He wakes! —
Speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you speak, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound

Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know, when did you die?

Cor. Still, still far wide. —

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

Lear. Fair daylight, where have I been?

Where am I? —

I'm much abus'd. I should ev'n die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what;
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see,
I feel this pin prick: would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look on me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me. —
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly with you,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am!

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith; I pray you,
weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it;
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have none.

Cor. No cause, no cause!

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam ; the great rage
You see is cur'd : desire him to go in,
And trouble him no more till farther settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me ;
Pray you now, forget and forgive ;
I am old and foolish.

SHAKESPEAR.

ALICIA AND JANE SHORE.

Alic. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus ?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back ?

J. Sh. No, my Alicia,
Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'erpast,
That I could wish to take it's turn again.

Alic. And yet some of those days my friend has known,
Some of those years might pass for golden ones,
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet ?

J. Sh. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth ;
He was the very joy of all that saw him.

Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade,
Impassive spirits and angelic natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human weakness,
Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.
But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And, that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest, and most lovely, was my curse.

Alic. Sure something more than fortune join'd your loves,
Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.

J. Sh. Name him no more:
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
Ere yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

Alic. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart, with thy foreboding sorrows;
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these;
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mist.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern protector,
And sooth his savage temper with thy beauty:
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He shall be mov'd to pity, and redress thee.

J. Sh. My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd:
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,

Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes ;
But haggard Grief, lean looking sallow Care,
And pining Discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only shadow of a hope is left me ;
The noble minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.

Alic. Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause ?
But wherefore should he not ? Hastings has eyes ;
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty ;
But yours shall charm him long.

J. Sh. Away, you flatterer !
Nor charge his generous meaning with a weakness,
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has prov'd,
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danc'd away :
May the remaining few know only friendship.
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there ; I will give up mankind,
Forget the transports of increasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for it's decay.

Alic. Live ! live and reign for ever in my bosom ;
[Embracing:
Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own ;
And you, the brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints, that once were women here below,
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow.
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,
Than every other joy the world can give,

Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair, seize me on Earth,
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship.

J. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true :
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love I trust to thee ; [*Giving a casket.*
Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown and safe with thee ;
That, if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.

Alic. My all is thine ;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful, doubting heart be still ;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all ; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to Heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee ;
Ev'n man, the merciless insulter man,
Man who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and, with unwonted goodness,
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.

J. Sh. Why should I think, that man will do for me ;
What yet he never did for wretches like me ?
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd :
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd, through the wilds of love ;

While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame :
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before ;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

ROWE.

STERLING AND MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Sterl. No fish?—Why the pond was dragged but yesterday morning—There's carp and tench in the boat.—Pox on't! if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he wou'd have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackrell.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Sterl. I warrant you.—But, pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be dress'd to morrow, and some venison—and let the gardener cut some pineapples—and get out some ice.——I'll answer for wine, I warrant you——I'll give them such a glass of champagne, as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. Heidel. Pray now brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of qualaty. Take care, that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff: and that will keep you awake—and don't burst out with your horrible loud horselaughs. It is monstrous vulgar.

Sterl. Never fear, sister!

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE

STERLING, LORD OGLEBY, AND CANTON.

Sterl. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well in the night —— I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have — I spare no pains to get them, nor money to buy them — His majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace ; and if I said in, too, I hope no treason, my lord.

Lord Og. Your beds are like every thing else about you — incomparable ! — They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr Sterling.

Sterl. What say you, then, my lord, to another walk in the garden ? You must see my water by daylight, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flow'ring trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips. — Matters look'd but dim last night, my lord. I feel the dew in my great toe — but I would put on a cut shoe, that I might be able to walk you about — I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord Og. I pray Heaven you may ! *[Aside.*

Sterl. What say you, my lord ?

Lord Og. I was saying, sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast : Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world, he, he, he !

Can. Bravissimo, my lor ! ha, ha, he !

Sterl. They shall meet your lordship in the garden — we won't lose our walk for them ; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go the grand tour, as I call it.

* * * * *

But, my lord, I will wait upon you in the garden : we have but little a time to breakfast, — I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter ! *[Exit.*

Lord Og. I shall attend you with pleasure——Hot rolls and butter in July! I sweat with the thoughts of it—What a strange beast it is!

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

LORD OGLEBY, STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, MISS STERLING, FANNY, AND CANTON.

Lord Og. Great improvements, indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the basin, with Neptune in the middle, are in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde Park Corner. .

Sterl. The chief pleasure of a country house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expense, not I——This is quite another-guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack smooth—as you see.——Then I made a greenhouse out of the old laundry, and turned the brew-house into a pinery.—The high octagon summer house, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East India captain, who has turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches, and chariots, and chaises, pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my lord. .

Lord Og. No, I thank you, Mr. Sterling.

Sterl. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle, and so you shall say, my lord.

Lord Og. Ay, or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr. Sterling! for it looks like a cabin in the air.—If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Heidel. My brother's a little comical in his ideas, my lord! — But you'll excuse him. I have a little Gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste. In the evening I shall hope for the honour of your lordship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a sullabub warm from the cow.

Lord Og. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg—the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeness.

Mrs. Heidel. O, my lord! — [*Leering at Lord Ogleby.*]

Lord Og. O, madam! — [*Leering at Mrs. Heidelberg.*]

Sterl. How d' ye like these close walks, my lord?

Lord Og. A most excellent serpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lover's knot.

Sterl. Ay, here's none of your straight lines here — but all taste — zig-zag — crinkum-crankum — in and out — right and left — to and again — twisting and turning like a worm, my lord!

Lord Og. Admirably laid out, indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these walks. — You are a most excellent economist of your land, and make a little go a great way. — It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch Street.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lord Og. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Can. Ah! que cette similitude est drole! so clever what you say, mi lor! —

Lord Og. [*To Fanny.*] You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

Fanny. Only making up a nosegay, my lord! — Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it?

[*Presenting it.*]

Lord Og. I'll wear it next my heart, madam! —
I see the young creature dotes on me! [*Apart.*]

Miss Sterl. Lord, sister; you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook or the nurse carries to town, on a Monday morning, for a beauport. — Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose, and a sprig of sweet briar?

Lord Og. The truest emblems of yourself, madam! all sweetness and poignancy. — A little jealous, poor soul!

[*Apart.*]

Sterl. Now, my lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my ruins.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll absolutely fatigue his lordship with over walking, brother!

Lord Og. Not at all, madam! We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty.

[*Leering at the women.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Quite the man of quality, I vow and pertest.

[*Apart.*]

Can. Take a my arm, my lor! [*Lord Ogleby leans on him.*]

Sterl. I'll only show his lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfast.

Lord Og. Ruins, did you say, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Ay, ruins, my lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones, too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair. This way, if your lordship pleases.

Lord Og. [*Going, stops.*] What steeple's that we see yonder? — the parish church, I suppose.

Sterl. Ha, ha, ha! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my lord! it is a spire, that I have built against a tree, a field or two off, to terminate the prospect. One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or something to

terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule in taste, my lord !

Lord Og. Very ingenious, indeed ! For my part I desire no finer prospect than this I see before me. [*Leering at the women.*] Simple, yet varied ; bounded, yet extensive — Get away, Canton ! [*Pushing away Canton.*] I want no assistance — I'll walk with the ladies.

Sterl. This way, my lord !

Lord Og. Lead on, sir ! — We young folks here, will follow you. — Madam ! — Miss Sterling ! — Miss Fanny ! I attend you !

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CALISTA AND SCIOLTO.

Cal. It is Sciolto ! Be thyself, my soul ;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it I had died,
And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet ;
Thou wert the very darling of my age :
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on Earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my fondness to bestow ;
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me ?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours ;
A poor imperfect copy of my father ;
It was, because I lov'd, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But, when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poignard here.

Sci. Oh! truly gue-s'd—seest thou this trembling
hand? — *[Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice justice urg'd—and thrice the slack'ning sinews
Forgot their office, and confess'd the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd;
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,

[Giving the dagger.

And know the rest untaught.

Cal. I understand you.

It is but thus, and both are satisfied. *[She offers to kill.*
herself: Sciolto catches hold of her arm.

Sci. A moment ; give me yet a moment's space.

The stern, the rigid judge, has been obey'd ;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human thought,
To doom my child to death ; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha ! Is it possible ? and is there yet
Some little dear remains of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista in your heart ?

Sci. Oh ! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty ;
How I have stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and, wond'ring, bless'd thee ;
By my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me ;
I could curse nature, and that tryant honour,
For making me thy father and thy judge :
Thou art my daughter still.

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness,
Oh ; 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years are number'd.

Sci. 'Would it were otherwise — but thou must
die. —

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort ;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking.
Come then,
Thou meagre shade ; here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,

More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I'm summon'd hence; ere this my friends expect me.
There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell.

And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my daughter!

Rowe.

LADY TOWNLY, MRS. TRUSTY, AND
POUNDAGE.

Mrs. T. Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so ill?

Lady T. How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want of sleep?

Mrs. T. Dear me, it was so long before you rang, madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely composed.

Lady T. Composed! why I have lain in an inn, here; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage-coaches; what between my lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink of sleep all night.

Mrs. T. Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality—though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

Lady T. Oh, you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill! for, notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over fond of my lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Mrs. T. Ah! if his lordship could but be brought to

play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

Lady T. Oh, don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

Mrs. T. Mercy forbid, madam!

Lady T. Broke, ruined, plundered! — stripped even to a confiscation of my last guinea!

Mrs. T. You don't tell me so, madam!

Lady T. And where to raise ten pounds in the world — What is to be done, Trusty?

Mrs. T. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam; but may be your ladyship may have a run of better fortune upon some of the good company that comes here to night.

Lady T. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

Mrs. T. Ha! that's a bad business, indeed, madam — Adad, I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late —

Lady T. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee.

Mrs. T. Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, madam, that you left in his hands to pay somebody about this time.

Lady T. Oh ay; I had forgot—'twas to a—what's his filthy name?

Mrs. T. Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your ladyship turned off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady T. The very wretch! If he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately. [*Exit Trusty.*] Well, sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five, five and nine, against poor seven, for ever!—No, after that horrid bar of my chance—that lady Wronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible ever to

win another stake——Sit up all night——lose all one's money——dream of winning thousands——wake without a shilling! and then——How like a hag I look!—In short—the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame, now, I could almost think lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous——If my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds, but I should hate the town in a fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Mrs. T. Oh, madam, there's no bearing of it; Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door as I came to the stair foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

Lady T. Run to the staircase head again — and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant.

[Mrs. Trusty runs out and speaks,

Mrs. T. [Within] Mr. Poundage!—a hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you, quickly!

Pound. [Within.] I'll come to you presently.

Mrs. T. [Within.] Presently won't do, man; you must come this minute.

Pound. [Within] I am but just paying a little money, here.

Mrs. T. [Within] Od's my life, paying money! Is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment quick!

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Lady T. Will the monster come, or no?

Mrs. T. Yes, I hear him now, madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

Lady T. Don't let him come in — for he will keep a such babbling about his accounts—my brain is not able to bear him.

[Poundage comes to the door, with a money bag in his hand.

Mrs. T. Oh, it's well you are come, sir; where's the fifty pounds?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid by this time—the man's now writing a receipt below for it.

Mrs. T. No matter; my lady says you must not pay him with that money; there's not enough, it seems—there's a pistole and a guinea that is not good in it—besides, there is a mistake in the account, too. [*Twitching the bag from him*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

Lady T. What is all that noise there?

Pound. Why, and it please your ladyship—

Lady T. Pr'y, don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered.

Pound. Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. T. There they are madam—[*Pours the money out of the bag.*—The pretty things were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them!—I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake—thank you, ma'am.

[*Takes a guinea.*]

Lady T. Why I did not bid you take it.

Mrs. T. No; but your ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

PROVOKED HUSBAND.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE AND FAULKLAND.

Capt. Abs. Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had

finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Capt. Abs. 'Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Capt. Abs. What, and lose two thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend. No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay, then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt, in your own character, and write to sir Anthony, for his consent.

Capt. Abs. Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain, that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side; well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to day at the hotel?

Faulk. Indeed, I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Capt. Abs. By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake, but, losing—you could stake, and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast; and not to succeed, were to be stripped of all.

Capt. Abs. But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits

—her health—her life—Oh! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Capt. Abs. Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not. So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well, and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

Capt. Abs. Then cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Capt. Abs. She is arrived here, with my father, within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Capt. Abs. I thought you knew sir Anthony better, than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear Jack—now nothing on Earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

Capt. Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her. Fag, show the gentleman up.

[*Exit Fag.*]

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Capt. Abs. O, very intimate: he is likewise a rival of mine—that is, of my other self's, for he does not think his friend, captain Absolute, ever saw the lady in question;—and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one Beverley, a concealed, skulking rival, who—

Faulk. Hush!—He's here!

Enter Acres.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how dost thou? just arrived, 'faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust all the way, as long as the Mall.

Capt. Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither—give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: sir, I solicit your connexions.—Hey, Jack—what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who——

Capt. Abs. Ay, Bob, miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man!

Faulk. I have not seen miss Melville yet, sir,—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire!

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, sir,—never better.—Odds blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed!—I did hear, that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Capt. Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Capt. Abs. Oh, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, sir, but you were saying, that miss Melville has been so exceedingly well—what then, she has been merry and gay, I suppose?—always in spirits, hey?

Acres. Merry, odds crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company, wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. By my soul! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy, and I away!

Capt. Abs. Just now, you were only apprehensive for your mistress's spirits.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Capt. Abs. No, indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Capt. Abs. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Capt. Abs. No, 'faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid, indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Capt. Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction, at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Yes, yes, she has a happy disposition!

Acres. That she has, indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this time month—odds minnums and crotchets! how she did cherup at Mrs. Piano's concert!

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and

ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, sir?

Capt. Abs. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry, that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not?

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Capt. Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Ay, truly, does she—there was at our last race ball——

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there—I told you so! I told you so! oh! she thrives in my absence!—dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine;—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness. She has been all health! spirit! laugh! song! dance!—oh! monstrous, monstrous levity!

Capt. Abs. For Heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps, as you say—for form sake. What, Mr. Acres, you were praising miss Melville's manner of dancing a minuet—hey?

Acres. O, I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her country dancing:—odds swim-mings! she has such an air with her!—

Faulk. Now disappointment on her—defend this, Absolute, why don't you defend this?—country dances! jiggs and reels; am I to blame now? a minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say, I should not have regarded a minuet—but country dances!

Oh! had she made one in a cotillion—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey led for a night!—to run the gauntlet, through a string of amorous, palming puppies!—to show paces, like a managed filly!—Oh, Jack, there never can be but one man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a country dance; and even then the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Capt. Abs. Ay, to be sure! grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, it will spread like a contagion—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it.

THE RIVALS.

KATHARINE SUMMONED BEFORE THE HIGH COMMISSION COURT.

Scene, a Hall in Black Friars.

The Court sitting for the Trial of Queen Katharine—The King, Wolsey, Campeius, Norfolk, Suffolk, Chamberlain, Lovel, Cromwell, Bishops, Judges, Gentlemen and Ladies, Clerk of the Court, Officers and Guards, discovered.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—proceed.

Crom. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

Clerk. Henry, king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Crom. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Clerk. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

Enter the Queen, preceded by Guildford, with a Cushion, which he places; then the Queen kneels.

Queen. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding—[*She rises*] Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.
Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been bless'd
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many

A year before : it is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful : wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
I will implore : if not, i' the name of Heaven,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court ! as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal, — *[Campeius rises.]*
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ? *[Wolsey advances.]*

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.—

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble ! nay, before,
Or Heav'n will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you

Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which Heav'n's dew quench! — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
As you have done my truth.

In him

It lies, to cure me : and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek, and humble mouth
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility : but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride ;
That again
I do refuse you for my judge ; — and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Clerk. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Guild. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? 'Pray you, keep your
way :

When you are call'd, return :— Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—'Pray you, pass on :—
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

SHAKESPEAR.

JAFFIER AND BELVIDERA.

Bel. [*Without.*] Lead me, lead me, my virgin,
To that kind voice.

Enter Belvidera.

My lord, my love, my refuge !
Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face !
My heavy heart will leave it's doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile ! as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul !

Jaff. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has then my fortune chang'd thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth !

I joy more in thee,
Than did thy mother, when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

Jaff. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false!
O, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
O! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have it's vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high Heav'ns, and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.

Jaff. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar;
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out,
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Bel. Oh! I will love thee, ev'n in madness love thee
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart

Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
It's roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head ;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest ;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

Jaff. Hear this, you Heav'ns, and wonder how you
made her !

Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world,
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine ;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride ;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you :
I, in my private bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant, driv'n to unknown land,
That had, by chance, pack'd up his choicest treasure,
In one dear casket, and sav'd only that ;
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

OTWAY.

BOOK VI.

EPISTLES.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

September 21, 1779.

AMICO mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames, designed to receive my pine plants. But I cannot mend the kitchen window till, by the help of that implement, I can reduce the glass to it's proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier, and possibly the happy time may come, when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business, in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to have seen me so occupied, and would have exclaimed, with rapture, "that he had found the Emilius, who (he supposed) had subsisted only in his own idea." I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task, and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in the morning, I find them perched upon the wall, waiting for their breakfast, for I feed them always upon the gravel walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you amongst them. Only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce yourself by some means or other. For I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I, last week, made a trip in a post-chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on purpose to inform me, that he was going into Leicestershire, and that, if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself, without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed, the hothouse in the most flourishing state, and the orange trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A many, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice. Our love attends you all. Yours,

W. COWPER.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

August 6, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU like to hear from me — This is a very good reason why I should write — but I have nothing to say — This seems equally a good reason why I should not — Yet, if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me — “Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in, have you resolved never to speak again?” it would be but a poor reply, if, in answer to the summons, I should plead ina-

bility as my best, and only excuse. And this, by the way, suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in hand — that a letter may be written upon any thing or nothing, just as that any thing or nothing happens to occur. A man, that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate, and doubt, whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it ; for he knows, that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postillion does, having once set out, never to stop till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms ? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say — “ My good sir, a man has no right to do either.” But it is to be hoped, that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last ; and so, good sir Launcelot, or sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns, in the mean time, to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements ; the gothic porch, smothered with honeysuckles ; their little gardens,

and high walls; their box edgings, balls of holly, and yew tree statues are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible, that a people, who resembled us so little in their taste, should resemble us in any thing else. But in every thing else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly, and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man, at least, has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior, but, in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress. Yours,

W. COWPER.

TO MRS. COWPER.

August 31, 1780.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I AM obliged to you for your long letter, which did not seem so, and for your short one, which was more than I had any reason to expect. Short as it was, it conveyed to me two interesting articles of intelligence. An account of your recovering from a fever, and of lady Cowper's death. The latter was, I suppose, to be expected; for by what remembrance I have of her ladyship, who was never much acquainted with her, she had reached those years, that are always found upon the borders of another world. As for you, your time of life is comparatively of a youthful date. You may think of death as much as you please (you cannot think of it too much), but I hope you will live to think of it many years.

It costs me not much difficulty to suppose, that my

friends, who were already grown old, when I saw them last, are old still, but it costs me a good deal sometimes to think of those, who were at that time young, as being older than they were. Not having been an eye witness of the change, that time has made in them, and my former idea of them not being corrected by observation, it remains the same; my memory presents me with this image unimpaired, and, while it retains the resemblance of what they were, forgets, that, by this time, the picture may have lost much of it's likeness, through the alteration, that succeeding years have made in the original. I know not what impressions Time may have made upon your person, for while his claws (as our grandams called them) strike deep furrows in some faces, he seems to sheath them with much tenderness, as if fearful of doing injury, to others. But, though an enemy to the person, he is a friend to the mind, and you have found him so. Though, even in this respect, his treatment of us depends upon what he meets with at our hands; if we use him well, and listen to his admonitions, he is a friend indeed, but otherwise the worst of enemies, who takes from us daily something that we valued, and gives us nothing better in it's stead. It is well with them, who, like you, can stand a tiptoe on the mountain top of human life, look down with pleasure upon the valley they have passed, and sometimes stretch their wings in joyful hope of a happy flight into eternity. Yet a little while, and your hope will be accomplished.

When you can favour me with a little account of your own family, without inconvenience, I shall be glad to receive it; for, though separated from my kindred by little more than half a century of miles, I know as little of their concerns, as if oceans and continents were interposed between us. Yours,

W. COWPER.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

August 3, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a sort of paradox, but it is true: we are never more in danger, than when we think ourselves most secure; nor, in reality, more secure, than when we seem to be most in danger. Both sides of this apparent contradiction were lately verified in my experience—passing from the greenhouse to the barn, I saw three kittens (for we have so many in our retinue) looking with fixed attention on something, which lay on the threshold of a door nailed up. I took but little notice of them at first, but a loud hiss engaged me to attend more closely, when behold—a viper! the largest that I remember to have seen, rearing itself, darting it's forked tongue, and ejaculating the aforesaid hiss at the nose of a kitten, almost in contact with his lips. I ran into the hall for a hoe with a long handle, with which I intended to assail him, and, returning in a few seconds, missed him: he was gone, and I feared had escaped me. Still, however, the kitten sat watching immovably on the same spot. I concluded, therefore, that, sliding between the door and the threshold, he had found his way out of the garden into the yard.—I went round immediately, and there found him in close conversation with the old cat, whose curiosity, being excited by so novel an appearance, inclined her to pat his head repeatedly with her fore foot, with her claws, however, sheathed, and not in anger, but in the way of philosophic inquiry and examination. To prevent her falling a victim to so laudable an exercise of her talents, I interposed in a moment with the hoe, and performed upon him an act of decapitation, which, though not immediately mortal, proved so in the end. Had he slid into the passages, where it is dark, or had he, when in the yard, met with no interruption from the cat, and

secreted himself in any of the outhouses, it is hardly possible but that some of the family must have been bitten; he might have been trodden upon without being perceived, and have slipped away before the sufferer could have distinguished what foe had wounded him. Three years ago we discovered one in the same place, which the barber slew with a trowel.

* * * * *

I have two goldfinches, which, in the summer, occupy the greenhouse. A few days since, being employed in cleaning out their cages, I placed that which I had in hand upon the table, while the other hung against the wall: the windows and the doors stood wide open. I went to fill the fountain at the pump, and, on my return, was not a little surprised to find a goldfinch sitting on the top of the cage I had been cleaning, and singing to, and kissing the goldfinch within. I approached him, and he discovered no fear; still nearer, and he discovered none. I advanced my hand towards him, and he took no notice of it. I seized him, and supposed I had caught a new bird, but, casting my eye upon the other cage, perceived my mistake. It's inhabitant, during my absence, had contrived to find an opening, where the wire had been a little bent, and made no other use of the escape it had afforded him, than to salute his friend, and to converse with him more intimately than he had done before. I returned him to his proper mansion, but in vain. In less than a minute, he had thrust his little person through the aperture again, and again perched upon his neighbour's cage, kissing as at the first, and singing, as if transported with the fortunate adventure. I could not but respect such friendship, as, for the sake of it's gratification, had twice declined an opportunity to be free; and, consenting to their union, resolved, that, for the future, one cage should hold them both. I am glad of such incidents. For, at a pinch, and when I need entertainment, the versification of them serves to divert me.

I transcribe for you a piece of Madam Guion, not as the best, but as being shorter than many, and as good as most of them. Yours ever,

W. COWPER.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is hard upon us striplings, who have uncles still living (N. B. I myself have an uncle still alive), that those venerable gentleman should stand in our way, even when the ladies are in question; that I, for instance, should find in one page of your letter, a hope, that miss Shuttleworth would be of your party, and be told in the next, that she is engaged to your uncle. Well, we may perhaps never be uncles, but we may reasonably hope, that the time is coming, when others, as young as we are now, shall envy us the privileges of old age, and see us engross that share in the attention of the ladies, to which their youth must aspire in vain. Make our compliments, if you please, to your sister Eliza, and tell her, that we are both mortified at having missed the pleasure of seeing her.

Balloons are so much the mode, that even in this country we have attempted a balloon. You may possibly remember, that at a place called Weston, a little more than a mile from Olney, there lives a family, whose name is Throckmorton. The present possessor is a young man, whom I remember a boy. He has a wife, who is young, genteel, and handsome. They are papists, but much more amiable than many protestants. We never had any intercourse with the family, though ever since we lived here, we have enjoyed the range of their pleasure grounds, having been favoured with a key, which admits us into all. When this man succeeded to the estate, on the death of his elder brother, and came to settle at Weston, I sent him a com-

plimentary card, requesting the continuance of that privilege, having till then enjoyed it, by favour of his mother, who, on that occasion, went to finish her days at Bath. You may conclude, that he granted it, and, for about two years, nothing more passed between us. A fortnight ago, I received an invitation in the civilest terms, in which he told me, that the next day he should attempt to fill a balloon, and if it would be any pleasure to me to be present, should be happy to see me. Your mother and I went. The whole country were there, but the balloon could not be filled. The endeavour was, I believe, very philosophically made, but such a process depends for it's success upon such niceties as make it very precarious. Our reception was, however, flattering to a great degree, inasmuch, that more notice seemed to be taken of us, than we could possibly have expected, indeed, rather more than any of his other guests. They even seemed anxious to recommend themselves to our regards. We drank chocolate, and were asked to dine, but were engaged. A day or two afterwards, Mrs. Unwin and I walked that way, and were overtaken in a shower. I found a tree, that I thought would shelter us both, a large elm, in a grove, that fronts the mansion. Mrs. T. observed us, and, running towards us in the rain, insisted on our walking in. He was gone out. We sat chatting with her till the weather cleared up, and then at her instance took a walk with her in the garden. The garden is almost their only walk, and is certainly the only retreat in which they are not liable to interruption. She offered us a key of it, in a manner, that made it impossible not to accept it, and said she would send us one; a few days afterwards, in the cool of the evening, we walked that way again. We saw them going toward the house, and exchanged bows and curtsies, at a distance, but did not join them. In a few minutes, when we had passed the house, and had almost reached the gate, that opens out

of the park into the adjoining field, I heard the iron gate belonging to the courtyard ring, and saw Mr. T. advancing hastily towards us, we made equal haste to meet him, he presented to us the key, which I told him I esteemed a singular favour, and, after a few such speeches as are made on such occasions, we parted. This happened about a week ago. I concluded nothing less, than that all this civility and attention was designed, on their part, as a prelude to a nearer acquaintance; but here at present the matter rests. I should like exceedingly to be on an easy footing there, to give a morning call now and then, and to receive one, but nothing more. For though he is one of the most agreeable men I ever saw, I could not wish to visit him in any other way; neither our house, furniture, servants, nor income, being such as qualify us to make entertainments, neither would I, on any account, be introduced to the neighbouring gentry. Mr. T. is altogether a man of fashion, and respectable on every account.

I have told you a long story. Farewell. We number the days as they pass, and are glad, that we shall see you and your sister soon. Yours, &c.

W. COWPER.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

April 5, 1784.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I THANKED you in my last for Johnson, I now thank you, with more emphasis, for Beattie, the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with: the only author I have seen, whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subject, and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease, too, that his own character appears in every page,

and, which is very rare, we see not only the writer, but the man; and that man so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely. If you have not his poem called the *Minstrel*, and cannot borrow it, I must beg you to buy it for me; for though I cannot afford to deal largely in so expensive a commodity as books, I must afford to purchase at least the poetical works of Beattie. I have read six of Blair's Lectures, and what do I say of Blair? That he is a sensible man, master of his subject, and, excepting here and there a Scotticism, a good writer, so far at least as perspicuity of expression, and method, contribute to make one. But oh the sterility of that man's fancy! if indeed he has any such faculty belonging to him. Perhaps philosophers, or men designed for such, are sometimes born without one; or perhaps it withers for want of exercise. However that may be, Dr. Blair has such a brain as Shakespeare somewhere describes—"dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

I take it for granted, that these good men are philosophically correct (for they are both agreed upon the subject) in their account of the origin of language; and, if the Scripture had left us in the dark upon that article, I should very readily adopt their hypothesis, for want of better information. I should suppose, for instance, that man made his first effort in speech, in the way of an interjection, and that ah, or oh, being uttered with wonderful gesticulation, and variety of attitude, must have left his powers of expression quite exhausted; that, in a course of time, he would invent many names for many things, but first for the objects of his daily wants. An apple would consequently be called an apple; and, perhaps, not many years would elapse before the appellation would receive the sanction of general use. In this case, and upon this supposition, sec-

ing one in the hand of another man, he would exclaim, with a most moving pathos, "Oh, apple!" — well and good—oh, apple! is a very affecting speech, but in the mean time profits him nothing. The man that holds it, eats it, and he goes away with Oh apple in his mouth, and with nothing better. Reflecting on his disappointment, and that perhaps it arose from his not being more explicit, he contrives a term to denote his idea of transfer or gratuitous communication, and the next occasion that offers, of a similar kind, performs his part accordingly. His speech now stands thus, "Oh give apple!" The apple-holder perceives himself called upon to part with his fruit, and, having satisfied his own hunger, is perhaps not unwilling to do so. But, unfortunately, there is still room for a mistake, and, a third person being present, he gives the apple to him. Again disappointed, and again perceiving that his language has not all the precision that is requisite, the orator retires to his study, and there, after much deep thinking, conceives that the insertion of a pronoun, whose office shall be to signify, that he not only wants the apple to be given, but given to himself, will remedy all defects; he uses it the next opportunity, and succeeds to a wonder, obtains the apple, and, by his success, such credit to his invention, that pronouns continue to be in great repute ever after.

Now, as my two syllable-mongers, Beattie and Blair, both agree that language was originally inspired, and that the great variety of languages we find upon Earth at present took it's rise from the confusion of tongues at Babel, I am not perfectly convinced, that there is any just occasion to invent this very ingenious solution of a difficulty, which Scripture has solved already. My opinion, however is, if I may presume to have an opinion of my own, so different from theirs, who are so much wiser than myself, that, if man had been his own teacher, and had acquired his

words and his phrases only as necessity or convenience had prompted, his progress must have been considerably slower than it was, and, in Homer's days, the production of such a poem as the Iliad impossible. On the contrary, I doubt not, Adam, on the very day of his creation, was able to express himself in terms both forcible and elegant, and that he was at no loss for sublime diction and logical combination, when he wanted to praise his Maker. Yours, my dear friend,

W. COWPER.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

September 18, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FOLLOWING your good example, I lay before me a sheet of my largest paper. It was this moment fair, and unblemished, but I have begun to blot it, and, having begun, am not likely to cease till I have spoiled it. I have sent you many a sheet, that, in my judgment of it, has been very unworthy of your acceptance; but my conscience was in some measure satisfied by reflecting, that, if it were good for nothing, at the same time it cost you nothing, except the trouble of reading it. But the case is altered now. You must pay a solid price for frothy matter; and, though I do not absolutely pick your pocket, yet you lose your money, and, as the saying is, are never the wiser.

My greenhouse is never so pleasant, as when we are just on the point of being turned out of it. The gentleness of the autumnal suns, and the calmness of this latter season, make it a much more agreeable retreat than we ever find it in the summer; when, the winds being generally brisk, we cannot cool it by admitting a sufficient quantity of air, without being, at the same time, incommoded by it. But now I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every

flower, in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive, I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignonette, opposite to the window; and pay me for the honey they get out of it, by a hum, which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear, as the whistling of my linnets. All the sounds that nature utters are delightful, at least in this country. I should not perhaps find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Russia, very pleasing, but I know no beast in England, whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me, without one exception. I should not indeed think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour for the sake of his melody, but a goose upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no bad performer: and as to insects, if the black beetle, and beetles indeed of all hues, will keep out of my way, I have no objection to any of the rest; on the contrary, in whatever key they sing, from the gnat's fine treble, to the bass of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect, that certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits.

* * * * *

Your mother and I walked yesterday in the wilderness. As we entered the gate, a glimpse of something white contained in a little hole in the gate-post, caught my eye. I looked again, and discovered a bird's nest, with two tiny eggs in it. By and by they will be fledged and tailed, and get wing-feathers and fly. My case is somewhat si-

milar to that of the parent bird. My nest is in a little nook. Here I brood and hatch, and in due time my progeny takes wing and whistles.

We wait for the time of your coming with pleasant expectations. Yours truly, W. COWPER.

TO LADY HESKETH.

October 12, 1785.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

IT is no new thing with you to give pleasure. But I will venture to say, that you do not often give more than you gave me this morning. When I came down to breakfast, and found upon the table a letter franked by my uncle, and when opening that frank I found that it contained a letter from you, I said within myself—"This is just as it should be. We are all grown young again, and the days, that I thought I should see no more, are actually returned." You perceive, therefore, that you judged well when you conjectured, that a line from you would not be disagreeable to me. It could not be otherwise, than as in fact it proved, a most agreeable surprise, for I can truly boast of an affection for you, that neither years, nor interrupted intercourse, have at all abated. I need only recollect how much I valued you once, and with how much cause, immediately to feel a revival of the same value: if that can be said to revive, which at the most has only been dormant for want of employment, but I slander it when I say that it has slept. A thousand times have I recollected a thousand scenes, in which our two selves have formed the whole of the drama, with the greatest pleasure; at times, too, when I had no reason to suppose, that I should ever hear from you again. I have laughed with you at the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, which afforded us, as you well know, a fund of merriment,

that deserves never to be forgot. I have walked with you to Netley Abbey, and have scrambled with you over hedges in every direction, and many other feats we have performed together, upon the field of my remembrance, and all within these few years. Should I say within this twelvemonth I should not transgress the truth. The hours, that I have spent with you, were amongst the pleasantest of my former days, and are, therefore, chronicled in my mind so deeply, as to feel no erasure. Neither do I forget my poor friend, sir Thomas; I should remember him, indeed, at any rate, on account of his personal kindness to myself, but the last testimony that he gave of his regard for you endears him to me still more. With his uncommon understanding (for, with many peculiarities, he had more sense than any of his acquaintance), and with his generous sensibilities, it was hardly possible, that he should not distinguish you as he has done. As it was the last, so it was the best proof, that he could give, of a judgment that never deceived him, when he would allow himself leisure to consult it.

You say, that you have often heard of me: that puzzles me. I cannot imagine from what quarter, but it is no matter. I must tell you, however, my cousin, that your information has been a little defective. That I am happy in my situation, is true; I live and have lived those twenty years, with Mrs. Unwin, to whose affectionate care of me, during the far greater part of that time, it is under Providence, owing, that I live at all. But I do not account myself happy in having been for thirteen of those years in a state of mind, that has made all that care and attention necessary; an attention, and a care, that have injured her health, and which, had she not been uncommonly supported, must have brought her to the grave. But I will pass to another subject; it would be cruel to particularize only to give pain, neither would I by any means give a

sable hue to the first letter of a correspondence so unexpectedly renewed.

I am delighted with what you tell me of my uncle's good health. To enjoy any measure of cheerfulness at so late a day, is much. But to have that late day enlivened with the vivacity of youth, is much more, and in these postdiluvian times, a rarity indeed. Happy, for the most part, are parents, who have daughters. Daughters are not apt to outlive their natural affections, which a son has generally survived, even before his boyish years are expired. I rejoice particularly in my uncle's felicity, who has three female descendants from his little person, who leave him nothing to wish for upon that head.

My dear cousin, dejection of spirits, which (I suppose) may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and, therefore, take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write therefore, generally, three hours in the morning, and in an evening I transcribe. I read also, but less than I write, for I must have bodily exercise, and, therefore, never pass a day without it.

You ask me, Where I have been this summer? I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer at Olney. Ay, and the winters also, I have seldom left it; and, except when I attended my brother in his last illness, never, I believe, a fortnight together.

Adieu, my beloved cousin, I shall not always be thus nimble in reply, but shall always have great pleasure in answering you when I can. Yours,

My dear friend and cousin,

W. Cowper.

TO LADY HESKETH.

Olney, Nov. 9, 1785.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

WHOSE last most affectionate letter has run in my head ever since I received it, and which I now sit down to answer, two days sooner than the post will serve me. I thank you for it, and with a warmth for which I am sure you will give me credit, though I do not spend many words in describing it. I do not seek *new* friends, not being altogether sure that I should find them, but have unspeakable pleasure in being still beloved by an old one. I hope that now our correspondence has suffered it's last interruption; and that we shall go down together to the grave; chatting and chirping as merrily as such a scene of things as this will permit.

I am happy that my poems have pleased you. My volume has afforded me no such pleasure at any time, either while I was writing it, or since it's publication, as I have derived from yours, and my uncle's opinion of it. I make certain allowances for partiality, and for that peculiar quickness of taste, with which you both relish what you like, and, after all drawbacks upon those accounts duly made, find myself rich in the measure of your approbation, that still remains. But, above all, I honour John Gilpin; since it was he who first encouraged you to write. I made him on purpose to laugh at, and he served his purpose well; but I am now in debt to him for a more valuable acquisition than all the laughter in the world amounts to, the recovery of my intercourse with you, which is to me inestimable. My benevolent and generous cousin, when I was once asked, if I wanted any thing, and given delicately to understand, that the inquirer was ready to supply all my occasions, I thankfully and civilly, but positively declined the favour. I neither suffer, nor have suffered, any such inconveniences as I had not much rather endure, than come

under obligations of that sort to a person comparatively with yourself a stranger to me. But to you I answer otherwise. I know you thoroughly, and the liberality of your disposition, and have that consummate confidence in the sincerity of your wish to serve me, that delivers me from all awkward constraint, and from all fear of trespassing by acceptance. To you, therefore, I reply, yes. Whensoever, and whatsoever, and in what manner soever you please ; and add, moreover, that my affection for the giver is such, as will increase to me tenfold the satisfaction that I shall have in receiving it. It is necessary, however, that I should let you a little into the state of my finances, that you may not suppose them more narrowly circumscribed than they are. Since Mrs. Unwin and I have lived at Olney, we have had but one purse, although during the whole of that time, till lately, her income was nearly double mine. Her revenues, indeed, are now in some measure reduced, and do not much exceed my own ; the worst consequence of this is, that we are forced to deny ourselves some things, which hitherto we have been better able to afford, but they are such things as neither life nor the well-being of life depend upon. My own income has been better than it is, but when it was best, it would not have enabled me to live as my connexions demanded that I should, had it not been combined with a better than itself, at least at this end of the kingdom. Of this I had full proof during three months that I spent in lodgings at Huntingdon, in which time, by the help of good management, and a clear notion of economical matters, I contrived to spend the income of a twelvemonth. Now my beloved cousin, you are in possession of the whole case as it stands. Strain no points to your own inconvenience or hurt, for there is no need of it, but indulge yourself in communicating (no matter what) that you can spare without missing it, since, by so doing, you will be sure to add to the com-

forts of my life one of the sweetest that I can enjoy — a token and proof of your affection.

In the affair of my next publication, toward which you also offer me so kindly your assistance, there will be no need that you should help me in the manner that you propose. It will be a large work, consisting, I should imagine, of six volumes at least. The 12th of this month I shall have spent a year upon it, and it will cost me more than another. I do not love the booksellers well enough to make them a present of such a labour, but intend to publish by subscription. Your vote and interest, my dear cousin, upon the occasion, if you please, but nothing more! I will trouble you with some papers of proposals when the time shall come, and am sure that you will circulate as many for me as you can. Now, my dear, I am going to tell you a secret. It is a great secret, that you must not whisper even to your cat. No creature is at this moment apprised of it but Mrs. Unwin and her son. I am making a new translation of Homer, and am on the point of finishing the twenty-first book of the Iliad. The reasons upon which I undertake this Herculean labour, and by which I justify an enterprise in which I seem so effectually anticipated by Pope, although, in fact, he has not anticipated me at all, I may possibly give you, if you wish for them, when I can find nothing more interesting to say. A period, which I do not conceive to be very near! I have not answered many things in your letter, nor can do it at present for want of room. I cannot believe but that I should know you, notwithstanding all that time may have done. There is not a feature of your face, could I meet it upon the road, by itself, that I should not instantly recollect. I should say, that is my cousin's nose, or those are her lips and her chin, and no woman upon Earth can claim them but herself. As for me, I am a very smart youth of my years. I am not, in-

deed grown gray, so much as I am grown bald. No matter. There was more hair in the world than ever had the honour to belong to me. Accordingly, having found just enough to curl a little at my ears, and to intermix with a little of my own, that still hangs behind, I appear, if you see me in an afternoon, to have a very decent head dress, not easily distinguished from my natural growth, which, being worn with a small bag, and a black riband about my neck, continues to me the charms of my youth, even on the verge of age. Away with the fear of writing too often.

W. COWPER.

P. S— That the view I give you of myself may be complete, I add the two following items— That I am in debt to nobody, and that I grow fat.

TO LADY HESKETH.

Olney, Feb. 9, 1786.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

I HAVE been impatient to tell you, that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs. Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs, also, to see you. I should have told you so by the last post, but have been so completely occupied by this tormenting specimen, that it was impossible to do it. I sent the general a letter on Monday, that would distress and alarm him; I sent him another yesterday, that will, I hope, quiet him again. Johnson has apologized very civilly for the multitude of his friend's strictures; and his friend has promised to confine himself, in future, to a comparison of me with the original, so that (I doubt not) we shall jog on merrily together. And now, my dear, let me tell you, once more, that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We

shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse, and it's banks, every thing that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn! Mention it not for your life! We have never had so many visitors but we could easily accomodate them all; though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son, all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June, because, before that time, my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats: and there you shall sit, with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention, the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see, on the right hand, a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand, stands a cupboard, the work of the same author; it was once a dove cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made. But a merciless servant having scrubbed it, until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament; and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the farther end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before; and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the

Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him, whether he is sure, that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears, that it is a cask, and that it will never be any thing better than a cask to eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

Adieu ! my dearest, dearest cousin.

W. COWPER.

TO LADY HESKETH.

Olney, May 15, 1786.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

FROM this very morning I begin to date the last month of our long separation, and confidently and most comfortably hope, that before the 15th of June shall present itself, we shall have seen each other. Is it not so? And will it not be one of the most extraordinary eras of my extraordinary life? A year ago, we neither corresponded, nor expected to meet in this world. But this world is a scene of marvellous events, many of them more marvellous than fiction itself would dare to hazard; and (blessed be God!) they are not all of the distressing kind. Now and then, in the course of an existence, whose hue is for the most part sable, a day turns up, that makes amends for many sighs, and many subjects of complaint. Such a day shall I account the day of your arrival at Olney.

Wherefore is it (canst thou tell me?), that together with all those delightful sensations, to which the sight of a long absent dear friend gives birth, there is a mixture of something painful, flutterings and tumults, and I know not what accompaniments of our pleasure, that are in fact perfectly foreign from the occasion? Such I feel, when I think

of our meeting, and such, I suppose, feel you ; and the nearer the crisis approaches, the more I am sensible of them. I know, beforehand, that they will increase with every turn of the wheels, that shall convey me to Newport, when I shall set out to meet you ; and that when we actually meet, the pleasure, and this unaccountable pain together, will be as much as I shall be able to support. I am utterly at a loss for the cause, and can only resolve it into that appointment, by which it has been foreordained, that all human delights shall be qualified and mingled with their contraries. For there is nothing formidable in you. To me at least there is nothing such, no, not even in your menaces, unless when you threaten me to write no more. Nay, I verily believe, did I not know you to be what you are, and had less affection for you than I have, I should have fewer of these emotions, of which I would have none, if I could help it. But a fig for them all ! Let us resolve to combat with, and to conquer them. They are dreams. They are illusions of the judgment. Some enemy, that hates the happiness of human kind, and is ever industrious to dash it, works them in us ; and their being so perfectly unreasonable as they are is a proof of it. Nothing, that is such, can be the work of a good agent. This I know too by experience, that, like all other illusions, they exist only by force of imagination, are indebted for their prevalence to the absence of their object, and in a few moments after it's appearance cease. So, then, this is a settled point, and the case stands thus. You will tremble as you draw near to Newport, and so shall I. But we will both recollect, that there is no reason why we should, and this recollection will, at least, have some little effect in our favour. We will likewise both take the comfort of what we know to be true, that the tumult will soon cease, and the pleasure long survive the pain, even as long, I trust, as we ourselves shall survive it.

W. COWPER.

TO LADY HESKETH.

Olney, May 29, 1786.

THOU dear, comfortable cousin, whose letters, among all that I receive, have this property peculiarly their own, that I expect them without trembling, and never find any thing in them, that does not give me pleasure; for which, therefore, I would take nothing in exchange, that the world could give me, save and except that for which I must exchange them soon (and happy shall I be to do so), your own company. That, indeed, is delayed a little too long: to my impatience, at least, it seems so, who find the spring, backward as it is, too forward, because many of it's beauties will have faded before you will have an opportunity to see them. We took our customary walk yesterday, in the wilderness at Weston, and saw with regret, the laburnums, syringas, and guelder-roses, some of them blown, and others just upon the point of blowing, and could not help observing——all these will be gone before lady Hesketh comes. Still, however, there will be roses, and jasmine, and honeysuckle, and shady walks, and cool alcoves, and you will partake them with us. But I want you to have a share of every thing that is delightful here, and cannot bear, that the advance of the season should steal away a single pleasure before you can come to enjoy it.

Every day I think of you, and almost all day long; I will venture to say, that even *you* were never so expected in your life. I called last week at the quaker's to see the furniture of your bed, the fame of which had reached me. It is, I assure you, superb, of printed cotton, and the subject classical. Every morning you will open your eyes on Phaeton kneeling to Apollo, and imploring his father to grant him the conduct of his chariot for a day. May your sleep be as sound, as your bed will be sum-

tuous, and your nights, at least, will be well provided for.

I shall send up the sixth and seventh books of the Iliad shortly, and shall address them to you. You will forward them to the general. I long to show you my workshop, and to see you sitting on the opposite side of my table. We shall be as close packed as two wax figures in an old fashioned picture frame. I am writing in it now. It is the place in which I fabricate all my verse in summer time. I rose an hour sooner than usual this morning, that I might finish my sheet before breakfast, for I must write this day to the general.

The grass, under my windows, is all bespangled with dewdrops, and the birds are singing in the apple trees, among the blossoms. Never poet had a more commodious oratory, in which to invoke his Muse.

I have made your heart ache too often, my poor dear cousin, with talking about my fits of dejection. Something has happened, that has led me to the subject, or I would have mentioned them more sparingly. Do not suppose, or suspect, that I treat you with reserve; there is nothing, in which I am concerned, that you shall not be made acquainted with. But the tale is too long for a letter. I will only add, for your present satisfaction, that the cause is not exterior, that it is not within the reach of human aid, and that yet I have a hope myself, and Mrs. Unwin a strong persuasion of it's removal. I am, indeed, even now, and have been for a considerable time, sensible of a change for the better, and expect, with good reason, a comfortable lift from you. Guess, then, my beloved cousin, with what wishes I look forward to the time of your arrival, from whose coming I promise myself, not only pleasure, but peace of mind, at least an additional share of it. At present, it is an un-

certain and transient guest with me, but the joy with which I shall see and converse with you at Olney, perhaps, may make it an abiding one.

W. COWPER.

TO LADY HESKETH.

The Lodge, Nov. 10, 1787.

THE parliament, my dearest cousin, prorogued continually, is a meteor dancing before my eyes, promising me my wish only to disappoint me, and none but the king and his ministers can tell when you and I shall come together. I hope, however, that the period, though so often postponed, is not far distant, and that once more I shall behold you, and experience your power to make winter gay and sprightly.

I have a kitten, the drollest of all creatures, that ever wore a cat's skin. Her gambols are not to be described, and would be incredible, if they could. In point of size, she is likely to be a kitten always, being extremely small of her age; but time, I suppose, that spoils every thing, will make her also a cat. You will see her, I hope, before that melancholy period shall arrive, for no wisdom, that she may gain by experience and reflection hereafter, will compensate the loss of her present hilarity. She is dressed in a tortoiseshell suit, and I know that you will delight in her.

Mrs. Throckmorton carries us to morrow in her chaise to Chichely. The event, however, must be supposed to depend on elements, at least on the state of the atmosphere, which is turbulent beyond measure. Yesterday it thundered, last night it lightened, and, at three this morning, I saw the sky as red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle, that foretels all these

prodiges and convulsions of nature. No, not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice it to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that, in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence, he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretel thunder — a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him, which is a groat more than the market price, though he is, in fact, or rather would be, if leeches were not found in every ditch, an invaluable acquisition.

W. COWPER.

TO LADY HESKETH.

The Lodge, Nov. 27, 1787.

IT is the part of wisdom, my dearest cousin, to sit down contented under the demands of necessity, because they are such. I am sensible that you cannot, in my uncle's present infirm state, and of which it is not possible to expect any considerable amendment, indulge either us or yourself with a journey to Weston. Yourself, I say, both because I know it will give you pleasure to see *Causidici mi** once more, especially in the comfortable abode where you have placed him, and because, after so long an imprisonment in London, you, who love the country, and have a taste for it, would of course be glad to return to it. For my own part, to me it is ever new; and though I have now been an inhabitant of this village a twelvemonth, and

* The appellation which sir Thomas Hesketh used to give him in jest, when he was of the Temple.

have, during the half of that time, been at liberty to expatiate, and to make discoveries, I am daily finding out fresh scenes and walks, which you would never be satisfied with enjoying—some of them are unapproachable by you, either on foot or in your carriage. Had you twenty toes (whereas I suppose you have butten), you could not reach them; and coach wheels have never been seen there since the flood. Before it, indeed (as Burnet says, that the Earth was then perfectly free from all inequalities in it's surface), they might have been seen there every day. We have other walks, both upon hill tops and in valleys beneath, some of which, by the help of your carriage, and many of them without it's help, would be always at your command.

On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen, who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made it's appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke as follows: "Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, in Northampton; brother of Mr. C. the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great favour, sir, if you would furnish me with one." To this I replied, "Mr. C. you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours, in particular, C——, the statuary, who, every body knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose."—"Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading, that the people of our town cannot understand him." I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too for the same reason. But

on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and, pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him. The waggon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton, loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets, who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written *one*, that serves *two hundred* persons.

A few days since I received a second very obliging letter from Mr. M——. He tells me, that his own papers, which are by far, he is sorry to say it, the most numerous, are marked V. I. Z. Accordingly, my dear, I am happy to find, that I am engaged in a correspondence with Mr. Viz, a gentleman for whom I have always entertained the profoundest veneration. But the serious fact is, that the papers distinguished by those signatures have ever pleased me most, and struck me as the work of a sensible man, who knows the world well, and has more of Addison's delicate humour than any body.

A poor man begged food at the Hall lately. The cook gave him some vermicelli soup. He ladled it about some time with the spoon, and then returned it to her, saying, "I am a poor man it is true, and I am very hungry, but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in it." Once more, my dear, a thousand thanks for your boxful of good things, useful things, and beautiful things. Yours ever,

W. COWPER.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

March 29, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT being his majesty's pleasure, that I should yet

have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds it's way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in it's calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard-side, where, in general, we live as undisturbed by the political element, as shrimps or cockles, that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when, to our unspeakable surprise, a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr.——. Russ* was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. G—— advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality, that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him, I had no in-

* His tame hare.

fluence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because, Mr. A——, addressing himself to me at that moment, informed me, that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion by saying, that if I had any, I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. G—— squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed, likewise, the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient, as it should seem, for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third, also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and, in a short time, settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more; I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly, that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the crown and the commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world, where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the county, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. A——, perhaps, was a little mortified, because it was evident, that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. G——, that I had.

three heads, I should not, I suppose, have been bound to produce them.

Mr. S——, who you say was so much admired in your pulpit, would be equally admired in his own, at least by all capable judges, were he not so apt to be angry with his congregation. This hurts him, and had he the understanding and eloquence of Paul himself, would still hurt him. He seldom, hardly ever indeed, preaches a gentle, well tempered sermon, but I hear it highly commended: but warmth of temper, indulged to a degree, that may be called scolding, defeats the end of preaching. It is a misapplication of his powers, which it also cripples, and teases away his hearers. But he is a good man, and may, perhaps, outgrow it.

W. COWPER.

TO LADY HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 3, 1788:

ONE day last week, Mrs. Unwin and I having taken our morning walk, and returning homeward through the wilderness, met the Throckmortons. A minute after we had met them, we heard the cry of hounds at no great distance, and mounting the broad stump of an elm, which had been felled, and by the aid of which we were enabled to look over the wall, we saw them. They were all that time in our orchard: presently we heard a terrier, belonging to Mrs. Throckmorton, which you may remember by the name of Fury, yelping with much vehemence, and saw her running through the thickets within a few yards of us at her utmost speed, as if in pursuit of something, which we doubted not was the fox. Before we could reach the other end of the wilderness, the hounds entered also;

and when we arrived at the gate, which opens into the grove, there we found the whole weary cavalcade assembled. The huntsman dismounting, begged leave to follow his hounds on foot, for he was sure, he said, that they had killed him. A conclusion, which I suppose he drew from their profound silence. He was accordingly admitted, and with a sagacity that would not have dishonoured the best hound in the world, pursuing precisely the same track which the fox and the dogs had taken, though he had never had a glimpse of either after their first entrance through the rails, arrived where he found the slaughtered prey. He soon produced dead reynard, and rejoined us in the grove with all his dogs about him. Having an opportunity to see a ceremony, which I was pretty sure would never fall in my way again, I determined to stay, and to notice all that passed with the most minute attention. The huntsman having by the aid of a pitchfork lodged reynard on the arm of an elm, at the height of about nine feet from the ground, there left him for a considerable time. The gentlemen sat on their horses contemplating the fox, for which they had toiled so hard; and the hounds, assembled at the foot of the tree, with faces not less expressive of the most rational delight, contemplated the same object. The huntsman remounted; cut off a foot, and threw it to the hounds — one of them swallowed it whole like a bolus. He then once more alighted, and, drawing down the fox by the hinder legs, desired the people, who were by this time rather numerous, to open a lane for him to the right and left. He was instantly obeyed, when, throwing the fox to the distance of some yards, and screaming like a fiend, “tear him to pieces” — at least six times repeated, he consigned him over absolutely to the pack, who in a few minutes devoured him completely. Thus, my dear, as Virgil says, what none of the gods could have ventured to promise me, time itself, pursuing it’s accustomed course, has, of it’s own accord, presented me

with. I have been in at the death of a fox, and you now know as much of the matter as I, who am as well informed as any sportsman in England. Yours,

W. COWPER.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

September, 1737.

I WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing: and, though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people, who love their necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, and crags, that give the eye as much pleasure, as if they were more dangerous: both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds.

And, as they bow their hoary tops, relate,
In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate ;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on ev'ry bough.

At the foot of one of these squats me (*il penseroso*), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve ; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation, I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, to talk to you, but I do not remember, that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us ; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory ; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Pembroke Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate nowhere oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest of the whole family ; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one a piece to all the others ; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small), as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me before. The whole country is a rich and well cultivated garden; orchards, cherry grounds, hop gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages; gentle risings covered with wood, and everywhere the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather, that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham Downs. In these parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet; saw Margate (which is Bartholemew Fair by the seaside), Ramsgate, and other places there; and so came by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkstone, and Hithe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs, of no great height, till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a shipless sea, but everywhere peopled with white sails, and vessels of all sizes in motion: and take notice (except in the Isle, which is all corn fields, and has very little enclosure), there are in all places hedge rows, and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach. Particularly, Hithe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires at night

(ay, and at day too) several times in June; but do not go and take advantage in the north at this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

My compliments to Mrs. Wharton and all your family: I will not name them, lest I should affront any body.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

November 19, 1796.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton; and, as I would wish to treat every body according to their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you, that my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November: no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town, clean and well built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight, at a distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes), lie hid the ruins of Net-

they Abbey ; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees, that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man !), and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks, that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye : only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter from him, that had thrown that distraction in his way ? I should tell you, that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey (there were such things seen near it), though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge : but of these things I say no more, they will be published at the university press.

P. S. — I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history ; which was, that in the course of my late tour I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the seacoast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreathes, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue ; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness, that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper ; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun,

or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE TO THE COUN-
TESS OF ———.

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise, in giving you an account of my first going to court. In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget, and the other implements thereunto belonging, a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to common sense and reason, than it is possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy riband. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourlè*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big as those rolls our prudent milkmaids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by

several yards' circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness, with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress; I cannot, however, tell you, that her features are regular: her eyes are not large, but have a lively look, full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms, that touch the soul. When she smiles, it is with a beauty and sweetness, that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically, to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous statue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions: nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently, for every body that waits on her, pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave. When the ladies were come, she sat down to quinzé. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand-master, who comes in to advertise the

empress of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner, but he never speaks to any of the other ladies, and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony, that has something very formal in it. The empress Amelia, dowager of the late emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two archduchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their imperial majesties rose, and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The archduchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called ladies of the key, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant is the custom, which obliges them as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her majesty is served by no married woman but the *grande maitresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is, at the same time, groom of the stole and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chambermaids. I had an audience next day of the empress mother, a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is per-

petually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face, are covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face, that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth, and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple. The next day I was to wait on the empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in her garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young archduchesses, all dressed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine, light guns in their hands, and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of Cupid, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, " 'Tis easy to be valiant here." The second a Fortune, holding a garland in her hand, the motto, " For her whom Fortune favours." The third was a sword, with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, " Here is no shame to the vanquished." Near the empress was a gilded trophy, wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c., for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring set round with diamonds in a gold snuff box. There was for the second a little Cupid set with brilliants; and, besides these, a set of fine china for

the tea table, enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators ; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the archduchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize shooting in the *Æneid*, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun. My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe by this time you are ready to think I shall never conclude at all.

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE TO THE LADY R—.

Vienna, Sept. 20, 1716, O. S.

I AM extremely rejoiced, but not at all surprised, at the long, delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return, and I expect from you, that you should love me and think of me, when you do not see me. I have compassion for the mortifications, that you tell me befall our little, old friend, and pity her much more, since I know, that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she were here, she would have no other fault but that of being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant herself hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you, that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders,

may, even gray hairs, are no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young fellow of five and twenty ogling my lady S—ff—k with passion, or pressing to hand the Countess of O—d from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I do not perceive any body surprised at them but myself. A woman, till five and thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I do not know what your ladyship may think of this matter, but it is a considerable comfort to me to know there is upon Earth such a paradise for old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear nowhere else. I cannot help lamenting, on this occasion, the pitiful case of too many English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratifia, who, if their stars had luckily conducted them hither, would still shine in the first rank of beauties.

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE TO THE LADY R—,

Hanover, Oct. 1, 1716, O. S.

I AM very glad, my dear lady R—, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England, though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. It is true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you and the very few others, that share my esteem; but while Mr. W— is determined to proceed in his de-

sign, I am determined to follow him. I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do, when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have, literally, rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eyebrows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. These perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candlelight ; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away, by too near approaching the fire, which they, for that reason, carefully avoid, though it is now such excessive cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial. The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their *traineaus*. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and a gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the *traineau*, are all as fine as they can be made, and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind, that cost five or six hundred pounds English. The duke of Wolfenbottle is now at this court ; you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the remaining empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon Earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court for the loss of the archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness of the death of that

young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression), and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter. Adieu, dear lady R——, continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon yours, &c.

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